HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 560.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE RACCOON HUNT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

RACCOON HUNTING.

ONE of the favorite amusements of the country people of the South and West, and particularly the colored portion, is that of raccoon hunting, or, as they almost without exception denominate it, "coon hunting." The raccoon is a native of Canada and all North America, but it is not common now in the Northern and Eastern States; and the sport is not so popular as in the localities farther south and west.

The mode of pursuit is with dogs, who follow the scent of the animal in the woods, and bring him to bay in the trees. The hounds who follow him communicate to each other and to the huntsman the fact that the coon is "treed" by a peculiar howl. The practiced huntsman will tell by the cry of the hound the exact moment at which the animal leaves the ground for the protection of the tree. When this cr is heard all the huntsmen and the dogs, who have been previously scattered in the rapid pursuit, gather at the foot of the tree, and the former prepare, if the tree is not too valuable, to fell it. This is often a labor of hours. When the tree falls the dogs are at once in among the brush, the "coon" again takes to flight, but with well-trained dogs and huntsmen in pursuit he seldom escapes. Coon hunting is usually followed for the sport only; the animal is never eaten, though he is sometimes tamed, and cruelly too, for it is almost always at the cost to him of blindness. His eyes, only intended for use at night, are easily affected by the light of the sun, and blindness ensues.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

THE PUBLIC PERIL.

SOME of the Democratic papers are repeating their action of the autumn of 1860. When at that time it was very clear that the Democratic leaders at the South and in the Cabinet intended to plunge the country into war some of the Republican journals in the country called attention to the significant signs of the times, as portending trouble, and asserted that under all circumstances the laws must be maintained. The Democratic papers declared that such a strain was incendiary, and that the Republicans were stirring up civil war.

As we said last week the public apathy and incredulity were remarkable, and the country blindly lurched into war. If the circumstances which were known to some had been made public, if the tocsin of the press had loudly rung the alarm, the war might not indeed have been avoided, but we should have been somewhat prepared for the struggle. At the present time, as we also stated last week, there is reason for grave apprehension of trouble, and the country ought constantly to bear it in mind. Nobody can seriously doubt that the President would resort to an armed settlement with Congress, if he dared. It is mainly a question of his courage. Suppose the President, having issued a general amnesty, should proclaim that it restored political privileges, and should declare martial law in the District of Columbia and for as large an area around it as might suit his purpose. He would then be practically Dictator, and General GRANT would be officially his military Lieutenant.

This would be illegal, it would be revolutionary, it would be preposterous. Undoubtedly; but it is none the less possible and probable. The President is not a person who can be trusted, and when that is said all is said. He knows that Congress will meet on the 21st of November. He is very sure that there will be a vigorous effort for his impeachment. He is pretty sure that the effort will succeed, and he probably has very little doubt of the result. Now he also believes, for he has told us very often, that Congress as at present constituted is a usurping body. He acknowledges its authority, indeed, but that acknowledgment would not interfere with his action, for he is wholly inconsistent and illogical, and he is desperate. He insists that the late rebel States are entitled to representation; and it follows, in the Presidential mind, that a Congress which forcibly expels a part of the States is not a body competent to impeach, and not a body, therefore, whose action is to be respected.

Is there any thing in the career or character of the President which makes it unlikely that he would attempt to resist or disperse Congress, or do something to make trouble before it assembles? Common-sense, indeed, rejects such a course as stupid folly. But is that a reason for supposing that it would not be adopted by the President? It is tolerably evident to most sensible men that a great cause, a great faith, and skillful leaders are necessary to a great and successful revolution; and that there is no cause, no inspiration, no leadership, in ANDREW JOHNSON and his "policy." If he has any reliance, it must be upon the Democratic party. Is that party likely to support him in a *coup d'état?* No, for they are very careful to disown the President and the President's performances. But although a great revolution requires a great cause, a serious and bloody trouble may arise from a very small one.

In insisting, as we do, upon the possibility and probability of Presidential violence, we wish to persuade our readers that it is their duty to be awake and alert, and that no peace is to be expected while Mr. JOHNSON is President. It was universally supposed and asserted that Congress had bound him so closely that he could do no mischief. Does the event prove it? Is he not to-day in a position to do as much mischief, more mischief than ever? And is there any doubt that his doing it will depend solely upon his courage? He is undoubtedly urged by evil counselors, as Governor SEYMOUR of New York was in 1863. The Governor, upon reflection, did not directly resist the National Government. It was a very wise course, and it is useless now to speculate upon the reasons that ruled him. If the President is as wise as the Governor, we shall be very glad. If he is not, we shall not be surprised.

We think, however, that under the circumstances no truly patriotic man will regret that General GRANT is precisely where he is. Of his purpose as of his purity there is no question; and in any serious complication the same clear good sense will not fail him which has guided him safely through the difficult situations in which he has been heretofore placed. He is the sentinel of the people. If the President plunges the country into graver trouble he alone will bear the guilty responsibility.

RADICALISM JUSTIFIED.

THE present situation is a striking vindication of the Radical instinct of the country. It has always felt that the President was false, and that the extreme remedy was the wisest. But the impeachment project has never enlisted very general sympathy; and for two reasons. The first was a want of confidence in the impeachment leaders, and the second was a feeling that Congress could bind the President so as to make him harmless, and so, also, as to spare the country the excitement of the trial.

General BUTLER and Mr. ASHLEY in Congress, conceding their ability and whatever else of patriotic service may be fairly claimed for them, are not men in whose wisdom the sober, thoughtful, influential body of the people confide. "Granting that their suspicions of the President are correct," said the general good sense—"granting even that it might be a good thing to impeach, yet we fear the necessary prominence of such men." We are not saying that this feeling was just, or this expression correct; but, of course, General BUTLER and Mr. ASHLEY know as well as the rest of us that this was very generally said.

So, in the Senate, Mr. FESSENDEN and Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. EDMUNDS and their friends regarded Mr. SUMNER as a visionary—an impracticable idealogue, who was abstractly hostile to the South, and who would ruin the country upon a theory. All the New England Senators, it was asserted by some warm Radicals, were fossil Conservatives except Mr. SUMNER. Now the country, with the heartiest admiration of Mr. SUMNER'S powers and the deepest gratitude for his services, undoubtedly shared the opinion held of him by the colleagues we have mentioned, and shrunk from a policy which Mr. SUMNER might dictate. "The President," said the Senators in question, "has denounced Mr. SUMNER, and Mr. SUMNER has denounced the President. The Senator insists upon impeachment before the country is convinced, before it is ready. He urges it through thick and thin, and he will plunge us all into confusion." So when the proposal to adjourn conditionally was brought forward, the Conservative sentiment of which we speak was opposed to it upon the ground that the President could be held within bounds, while the conditional adjournment would merely keep the country unsettled. It was with some difficulty, therefore, that the plan was finally adopted. Its wisdom was soon shown. Congress assembled in July; but despite the lesson, despite the apparently unavoidable warning, thinking, as it thought before, that it had securely bound the Executive, Congress adjourned until the 21st of November, nor is there any authority but the Executive which can assemble it sooner.

The event has justified the Radical view of the situation. The President, as the Radicals said, could not be trusted; and Congress, as Mr. SUMNER claimed, ought to have held itself in a position to watch him. Those members who said that public opinion did not approve the Radical view should have remembered that Congress, under the circumstances, makes public opinion. If Mr. FESSENDEN, and Mr. EDMUNDS, and Mr. SHERMAN, and their friends had reflected upon the whole career and character of the President, if they had recalled the experience of other times and similar situations in history, and if they had considered one general principle, and had agreed with the Radical distrust of the Executive, despite the bars and bolts of prevention they had provided, then public opinion would have been united, and the President would not have had the chance which he is now using to the utmost.

The general principle of which we speak is this, that you must fight fire with fire. Ever since the 22d of February, 1866, the situation itself has been Radical. It was clear that the President would spare no extremity of action upon his side. That was only natural. It should have been taken for granted, and our measures adapted to the emergency. The true course would have been not necessarily to impeach until the necessity was obvious and overwhelming, but for Congress to sit virtually in permanence. The point of the difficulty was the Executive denial of the authority of Congress. The practical answer was the constant exercise of that authority. And the moment impeachment seemed to be necessary it could have been carried without the least popular shock.

The maturer civilization of New England, the soberer temperament, the hallowed traditions of peaceful obedience to law, the solution of strife by the ballot, and the general intelligence in a certain degree incapacitate its sedate Senators from a vivid conception of the actual situation. They have not been brought face to face with rebels. They have not fought for years the tyranny of slavery immediately threatening property and life. They have not learned the ineradicable hostility of the spirit known as "the South" to the Union and the Government. They have forgotten how surely the STUART and the BOURBON under some form return. But the men of the border and of the West understand more truly that a BOURBON never learns; and it is upon the border and in the West that Radicalism prevails.

We do not say that therefore the technical Radical policy of any moment should be pursued, but we do say that its spirit should inspire the general policy of the party. Only a man who believes that the spirit of the President and of progressive civilization and development in this country are radically hostile, and that the President must be expected to act after his kind, is a statesman who comprehends the crisis.

ANOTHER GLANCE AT THE CONVENTION.

WE said last week that the session of a Constitutional Convention in so large a State as New York must necessarily be long, and must seem unreasonably long to the impatient public mind. But nevertheless the duty of such a body is deliberation, and upon no subject ought deliberation to be so deliberate as upon a fundamental law. Those whom the people have chosen for their representatives must be allowed to speak for the people, and to show how the subject under consideration is regarded in different places and under different influences. The Convention therefore wisely decided at its opening that there should be no previous question. The rule has now been changed, but the change does not affect the debates, for they occur in Committee of the Whole, in which there is no previous question; and the subject is not transferred to the action of the Convention until every one who wishes to debate has been heard in Committee.

Whether the system of work adopted by the Convention was wise may be questionable. There are some reasons why it may be a great deal better to take up the old Constitution in Convention and proceed to consider in what points it needs amendment. This method is preferred by many as insuring a short session, and as limiting the discussions to the points which clearly require change. But, on the other hand, as a hundred and sixty persons might not agree upon those points, and as it is most probable that scores of them would, for various reasons, wish to change every article, it is doubtful whether time would be really gained; while it is plain that the discussions would be much more crude than when, by distributing the parts of the Constitution among Committees, ample time and opportunity are given for information. The plan adopted by this Convention was inherited from that of 1846; but some of the leading members of the present assembly preferred the more direct method.

Still, the Convention has been remarkably independent of its committees, and has not hesitated to reject their work, as we stated last week, and cling to the Constitution of 1846. The fault of that instrument is, that it was the work of a doctrinaire. Fearful of concentration of power, and alarmed by experience of a "regency," the framers of that Constitution seemed to suppose that no government was truly popular in which every office was not elective. Diffusion of power was the motto of Mr. MICHAEL HOFFMAN. But diffusion of power may often be accomplished more surely in other ways than by an immediate election. Unity and permanence are essentially conservative elements of government, and they are necessarily endangered by a constant popular reference. If the elections are limited to the legislative and the chief executive offices, leaving the agents whom the popular vote has selected to choose their subordinate agents, the substance of power remains, as it should, in the hands of the people, and the whole system is simplified. But, jealous of centralization, the men of 1846 fell into the other extreme, and this Convention inclines to perpetuate their error.

Like all Constitutions, this one will be found to be a series of compromises. Exactly what they are will not necessarily appear to those who are not close watchers of the course of the Convention. There were certain prominent subjects of discontent under the present system. The inequality of suffrage for colored citizens, the elective judiciary and the short terms, and the city government of New York were conspicuous among the alleged grievances. Then there was the financial policy allied with the canal-enlargement question, and various details in many other parts of the Constitution. Upon all these points strong party and private feelings and interests were excited, and it is by the consideration of these that the probabilities of the popular ratification of the Constitution must be determined.

The first great compromise appears in the Report of the Judiciary Committee. This was a large and able committee, and among its members were several from the city of New York. It was discovered at an early day in the Convention that the sentiment of the Republican rural districts was adverse to appointed judges, and to the life tenure. In those districts the best men were elected, and willingly served for short terms. At least this was the general assertion, and there was no reason to doubt it. But the city Republicans were opposed to the many different courts in the city, and to the short term, which they believed to be pernicious to the ends of justice and to the public welfare. The city Democrats, however, had sent to the Convention several of the judges of these very courts. The judges were naturally opposed to the abolition of their courts, and, as Democratic partisans, could not oppose the elective system. If the courts were abolished, therefore, it was a logical inference, assisted possibly by certain intimations, that the united Democratic vote would join the rural party, and continue the present election and tenure.

After much and long debate, there was a general yielding of certain points. The value of a harmonious report was deeply felt, and the advocates of a simple system descended step by step, until it was resolved to report to the Convention the continuance (by not abolishing) of the many city courts, the elective system, the life tenure, and a future popular decision whether the elective system should be discarded. There was but one dissenting voice to this report, although it did not at all fully express the feelings of some of the ablest and best members of the Committee. It is supposed, of course, if the plan be adopted as recommended, that the continuance of the elective system and the life tenure of the many judges in the city will enable their friends to skip nimbly over equal colored suffrage. So the Democrats who favor the anti-railroad consolidation clause, for whatever reason, are supposed to be much more friendly to that than they are hostile to the colored suffrage. The majority of the "city" Committee will carry the compromises still further. And of that report we shall hereafter speak.

The reported plan of the judiciary is a very great improvement upon that of 1846, and if not seriously changed by the Convention will be very welcome to the people. A very strenuous effort, however, will be made to shorten the tenure.

PARTY UNITY.

WE hope that the result of the election in California, a State in which the Union majority is very large, will serve to show the absolute necessity of party harmony. The liberal party can not fight within its own ranks as well as with the common enemy and yet win the victory. And so we say to our friends in Massachusetts. You have no right to disorganize the party upon the issue of prohibition; and you do disorganize it throughout the country in dividing upon a foreign issue when the great common danger is immediately before us. The imperative duty of the great liberal Union party of the country is to hold itself united and firm until after the Presidential election. There is no episodical question which can properly divert our chief interest for a moment. The main question is national reconstruction, and until that is virtually settled by the election of a wholly harmonious administration, it is of the nature of treason to imperil by internal dissensions the results of the war.

But these results can be secured only by strict party organization and action. Nothing is finally effected in a popular system except by party agency. Public opinion is the real power, but it acts through parties. Party is the glass which compresses the rays to the burning point; and whoever in this country sneers at parties shows his perilous ignorance of the necessary methods of political action under our Government.

Nor was there ever a time when this truth was more evident. The full disaster of Mr. LINCOLN'S murder begins now to appear. The New York *World* lately labored to prove that Mr. JOHNSON was faithfully following the course of Mr. LINCOLN. But, to say nothing more, the striking difference between them is, that Mr. LINCOLN always deferred to the will of the people in Congress, while Mr. JOHNSON defies it. Had Mr. LINCOLN lived he would have co-operated with Congress, and reconstruction would have been already far advanced. But

under the chaotic administration of Mr. JOHNSON we are still, after more than two years, to decide whether the war was fought in vain. If the Republican party remains in unquestioned power, the Union will be restored upon principles approved by all loyal men. If the Democratic party could succeed, the rebel States would return upon terms dictated by rebels. Nor do we, therefore, accuse individual Democrats. We do not charge, and never have charged, all those who vote with the Democratic party with sympathy for rebels and rebellion. But we do charge the Democratic party, as a party, with the responsibility of being to-day, as it was six years ago and during the war, the hope of all who are disaffected to the Union and the Government.

The welfare of the country and the peaceful development of our liberties and progress depend, therefore, upon the defeat of that party. But that can be achieved only by the Republican organization; and to deprecate party action at this time is either ignorantly or wantonly to trifle with the permanence of the Government which is the hope of civilization.

THE STATE NOMINATIONS.

OUR State election has again a national significance. As long as the President persists in embarrassing the subject of reconstruction every general election must be first regarded as an expression of public opinion upon his conduct. The universal Republican victories of the last year were incalculable national blessings, for they showed the President and his counselors how deep was the popular condemnation of their course.

This year the Democrats inform us that they are very sure to carry New York. Last year Mr. SEWARD promised it to them by forty thousand majority; and they will succeed this year in precisely the same way, and by the same majority. But they are resolute, active, and unscrupulous. We are not, therefore, to beat them by going to sleep. We must have at our Convention a plain declaration of our good principles, and we must nominate good men.

The four present officers at the head of the State ticket, Generals BARLOW, HILLHOUSE, MARTINDALE, and Colonel HOWLAND, have served the State with the utmost fidelity, ability, and diligence, and are all men of a spotless integrity. By virtue of their offices they are members of the Canal Board, but through the fire in which men of all parties have been consumed they have passed unseared, and have emerged without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. In all the storm of suspicion, insinuation, and open accusation that has beat upon the Canal management there has never been the least whisper against any one of them. As truly patriotic in civil service as they were in the field, of a virtue even more signal by contrast, is there any reason, principle, or policy, why they should be discarded?

If any of their associates should be dropped because of any kind of suspicion, truly or falsely entertained, there is the more reason for retaining those who are wholly untouched even by idle and inventive rumor. To sacrifice the worthy to the unworthy, or to those who are so considered, is an outrage upon public morality. If it should be urged that to retain some names upon a ticket is to stigmatize those who are omitted, the reply is, that not to retain them is to stigmatize them also. The Republican party knows very well that certain persons whom it has trusted with high office have fallen under a cloud. To omit them upon a new ticket is to say that the party recognizes that fact, and repudiates all attempts at shielding them or assuming the responsibility of their imputed offenses. But to omit with them their acknowledged incorruptible associates, members of the same Board, is to cast suspicion upon them, and to announce to the State that the party can not nominate proper men.

We trust that the Convention will renominate by acclamation the men who have served the State so well, and not be deluded by the argument that a new ticket accuses nobody. Under ordinary circumstances that may be true. But the situation is extraordinary. The Canal frauds are notorious; and to reject all the present officers together is, under existing circumstances, virtually to asperse them. Certainly the State and the party owe something to faithful service.

A BLOW AT THE SPEAKER.

SOME very impetuous and unwise person has published "Sixteen Reasons why our Republican party should not run General GRANT for President in 1868." We take three of them at random as illustrative of the whole. They are numbered respectively 9th, 10th, and 11th.

"Because all the Democratic and rebel papers indorse him." We should be glad to know the name of one important Democratic or of a single rebel paper that does so.

"He has followed our drunken, Democratic JOHNSON in all his rebellious rows against Congress and our party." This is as laughable as the previous assertion.

"Because he has insulted the Republican party by indorsing the removal of the Secretary of War and accepting the position himself." This is simply untrue. General GRANT did not approve and could not control the suspension of Mr. STANTON. But he has very wisely consented to keep out a bad man as long as he can.

We speak of this little sheet because it is widely circulated by mail, and published in the Copperhead papers, and because it is unkindly attributed to the friends of Mr. COLFAX, with the hope of injuring that gentleman. No man has a higher regard for the patriotic services of General GRANT than the Speaker, and we can understand his profound chagrin that his name should be drawn into such an association as this. No man knows better than the Speaker, and he will therefore doubtless attribute this performance to an enemy, that the prospect of no candidate can be brightened by aspersions upon General GRANT. Even if such aspersions should injure the General, they could not help him for whose benefit they were ostensibly uttered.

WISCONSIN MUSIC.

THE Wisconsin Republican Convention recently met to nominate State officers, and passed resolutions which, as reported by telegraph, are an admirable epitome of the principles of the great dominant party in this country:

"They reaffirm the cardinal tenets of the political faith of the Republican party; the inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and no discrimination at the ballot-box on account of birth-place, creed, or color; the liberty of speech and the press; free schools; a prompt acquiescence with the decisions of the people at the ballot-box; the maintenance of the national faith as pledged to its creditors; the equalization of taxes so that they shall fall equitably on all classes. It was resolved that, as the chief purpose of the Republican Union Party during the war was to conquer the enemies of the Union and assert the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws, so now its chief object is to secure the fruits of the victory won, and restore the reign of civil law and constitutional order throughout the land, looking mainly to the representatives of the people in Congress, which is clothed with the power to make all laws necessary for carrying them into execution in the Government of the United States or any department thereof; and we heartily indorse the system and measures adopted by Congress for Reconstruction."

SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.

IN remarking, in a recent article on the removal of nuisances, upon the rights of the public in relation to the prevention of disease, we stated certain principles that we will now apply to the prevention of that formidable and hideous malady, small-pox. So many die of it yearly, especially in our crowded cities, that it is a matter of great importance to prevent its ravages so far as possible. There are two means resorted to for this purpose. One is vaccination, and the other is seclusion of the sick. There is commonly altogether too much made of the latter and too little of the former. Let us look at this.

The seclusion is generally overdone. The alarm excited by the appearance of the disease occasions this. This is especially true of towns in the country. The course ordinarily pursued has been this: On the appearance of small-pox the members of the civil authority, so called, are assembled, and a vote is passed directing the obtaining of a house in some by-place to be used as a pest-house; and the sick are removed to this, often under circumstances which lessen the chances of their recovery. With this movement there is soon another, providing for a general vaccination. In the mean time there is much alarm, and the facts are so much exaggerated by busy rumor that even the business of the place may be temporarily injured. The disease and the excitement after a period pass away. Both might have been either wholly or almost wholly prevented by pursuing a proper course. Not only can the disease be prevented from spreading at all in the great majority of cases, but its outbreak can generally be avoided. By what means this can be done we will point out.

As to seclusion, this can commonly be adequately secured on the spot where the patient is. Separating him from the rest of the family, and exercising due care in regard to the clothing of those who attend on him, are all the measures that are requisite. The very common notions about the virus being readily carried in various ways, even in the smoke of a chimney, for instance, are altogether unfounded. In addition to the seclusion of the patient, there should of course be vaccination of all persons who have been in any way exposed, even if they have already been vaccinated.

But the grand means of prevention is *systematic compulsory vaccination*, practiced continuously, with the purpose of wholly shutting out the disease. Provision should be made for the vaccination of every child within a certain period after birth, and the fact should be certificated and registered as formally as is done with births, marriages, and deaths. It will not do to be content with making the neglect of vaccination a bar to admission to our public schools. This is far from reaching the whole difficulty. There will be evasions, it is true, with the most carefully constructed plan, but the object can undoubtedly be quite thoroughly secured. Of course provision should be made for the vaccination of the poor at the public expense, just as other needs of pauperism are cared for.

With such a plan efficiently carried out small-pox may be rendered a great rarity. For with the present very incomplete application of the preventive the occasional prevalence of the disease is very slight as compared with the extent of its ravages before the discovery of JENNER. How incomplete is the general application of the preventive is indicated by some statistics that have been gathered in England. In some quite extensive observations made in 1851 it was found that the highest percentage of vaccinations upon the births of the year was 21, and in many cases it was less than 6. With such a neglect of vaccination what an opportunity would the disease have to spread were there not an immediate application of the preventive at the time? But better by far would it be to be beforehand with our measures, for thus not only would the number of victims be less when the disease appears, but in the vast majority of cases it would be prevented from appearing at all.

We know that many object to using compulsion in such matters in this free country. But there are rights in regard to preventing the diffusion of disease which are not only consistent with full liberty, but are based upon it. No one has a right, by omitting a simple precaution, to inflict disease upon his neighbors. The law should compel him to do otherwise.

But some are opposed to vaccination because, as they allege, diseases are often communicated by it from one person to another. There are very few diseases of which this can be said to be possible, and surely ordinary care can prevent such a result from occurring. There is no necessity for taking matter from any but those known to be purely healthy.

Others doubt the protective power of vaccination. But nothing was ever more certainly demonstrated. The fact that we have already given in regard to the present compared with the past ravages of the disease proves it. It is true that varioloid, a stunted form of it, as we may say, sometimes appears in the vaccinated; but it is ordinarily very mild, runs a short course, and leaves no trace behind. Now and then, but very rarely, a vaccinated person has small-pox in full; but the vaccination may not have been a proper one, but even if it was, the occurrence is so very infrequent that it ought not to bring any discredit upon the protective power of vaccination. It comes as near to perfection as any thing does in this imperfect world. We may add that revaccination may prevent such occurrences. A single vaccination will indeed protect the great majority for a lifetime, but it will not all; and so, in order to attain the highest security, all had better be vaccinated twice—in infancy and on reaching adult life. We do not deem it, however, necessary that the second vaccination should be compulsory.

There are few that fail to be vaccinated from the objections that have been mentioned. The many that neglect it do so from sheer carelessness, or from lack of appreciation of its importance. Some, perhaps we may say many, wait to have it done at public expense when a general alarm shall call for a general vaccination.

Small-pox is not prevailing just now, but as there is danger of its breaking out as an epidemic at any time, we wish our readers to ponder well what we have said, and do what they can in so moulding public sentiment as to prepare it for the enactment and the successful enforcement of a law for compulsory vaccination.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON issued on September 7 a new proclamation of amnesty. After a lenghty preamble the document recites that the full pardon described in the proclamation of May 29, 1865, shall be extended to all persons having participated in the late rebellion, with the restoration of all privileges, immunities, and rights of property, except as to property with regard to slaves, and except in cases of legal proceedings under the laws of the United States, on condition that such persons shall take an oath of allegiance, which oath is duly described. The chief or pretended chief executive officers of the late Confederacy, all heads of departments of the Confederate Government, all agents thereof in foreign States and countries, all having held military rank or title above the grade of Brigadier-General, or naval rank or title above that of Captain, all Governors of States, all persons having treated otherwise than as lawful prisoners of war persons in the military or naval service of the United States, and all persons who, while seeking to obtain the benefits of the proclamation, are actually in civil, military, or naval custody, or legally held to bail, and all persons who were engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the assassination of the late President are debarred from profiting by the amnesty. This proclamation really affects only about 400 persons in all the South; relieves only one-fourth of these; and was issued only for political effect.

General Canby relieved General Sickles of the command of the Second Military District on September 5. His first act was to confirm the orders and regulations of his predecessor. General Sickles has demanded a Court of Inquiry.

The Alabama Conservative Convention, at Montgomery, on September 5, passed resolutions adopting the platform of the late Philadelphia Convention as its own, and adding several clauses, one of which favors "charity and kindness toward the blacks, notwithstanding the prejudices instilled in their minds by bad men and recent events, and warns them to trust no strangers, but to place confidence in those whom they have long known to be honorable." Williams and Holmes, the colored conservatives, made speeches in front of the Convention hall; but they were not received pleasantly by the majority of the blacks in the audience.

General Griffin assumed command of General Sheridan's District on September 7, and began his labors by confirming all General Sheridan's orders.

The President has promised the office of Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau to General Gordon Granger in the event of the removal of General Howard, which is threatened. General Granger has been a supporter of the President's policy from the first, and had previously been rewarded by an appointment as Colonel in the Regular Army.

NEWS ITEMS.

There have been since our last issue State elections in Maine, Vermont, and California. Vermont was carried by the Republicans by twenty thousand majority: the vote polled by both parties having fallen off slightly from that of last year. Owing to the split of the Republican party on minor and local issues, the Democrats carried California by about six thousand majority. The Maine election, which took place on September 9, resulted in considerable losses to the Republicans and some gains to the Democracy, but not of sufficient importance to materially change the complexion of the Legislature. The Republican majority is still very decided.

Pennsylvania canceled $1,794,644 50 of her debt during the year ending September 2.

A terrific boiler explosion occurred on September 9 at No. 258 West Twenty-eight Street, New York. The boiler was hurled through the air a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, falling upon the roof of a four-story dwelling and crushing its way to the cellar. The foreman, engineer, a man and two children were killed, and several others were severely injured.

The demonstration on September 9 in honor of General Sheridan was the largest outpouring of citizens ever witnessed in St. Louis.

John L. Helm was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky at Elizabethtown on September 3, and died on September 8.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN armistice has at length been agreed upon between Turkey and the Cretans, and warlike operations have been suspended. A board of inquiry composed of Mohammedans and Christians has been sent to Crete to obtain a statement of the grievances of the inhabitants, and arrange if possible a settlement of the troubles. At the same time Turkey spurns all offers of mediation from the European Powers, and declines all projects of a joint inquiry.

The revolutionists in Spain under Prim have overrun Catalonia, and are in possession of Saragossa. The revolt has become so formidable that the Spanish fleet sent against Chili and Peru was recalled September 1.

Prussia and France have exchanged peace circulars, and both seem to be satisfied. The grand combinations of Salzburg, which were to have overthrown the balance of power in Europe, are declared to have never been arranged nor even contemplated.

Garabaldi was enthusiastically received at Geneva on September 9, and in a speech declared that his purpose to move on Rome was unalterable, and that the plan of action, though deferred, would soon be carried into effect.

THE WHITE SEA DISASTER.

THE full particulars of the shipwreck of sixty-four vessels in the White Sea last spring have just reached this country, and present a picture at once novel and awful. Very large trading fleets annually repair from England, France, Denmark, and other countries to Archangel, the northernmost sea-port of Russia, and situated on the White Sea, to obtain the corn, tallow, and other products which form the trade of that port and province. On June 16 a fleet of 250 vessels was collected near Archangel, and here came in contact with immense moving masses of ice floating about with the tide. The English consul at Archangel happened to be on board of one of the vessels, and has given a description of the disaster. He states that the vessel in which he was a passenger was "attacked" by the ice, and carried from Cape Orlov through the entire length of the sea, and finally by means of steam managed to escape. The ice was packed around the various vessels of the fleet to the depth of 20 feet above the decks. Many of the hapless vessels, being entirely at the mercy of the ice, were crushed in or entirely overrun by it. In some cases the stout beams and sides were broken as if the ship had been an egg-shell, while in others the ice mounted the vessel's sides, and, making a clean sweep of masts and bulwarks, buried the hull as it progressed onward. In one vessel the iron water-tanks from the lower hold were forced through the decks by the upward pressure of the pack; in another vessel the ice, having passed through both sides, sustained the upper deck and enabled the crew to seek refuge on the ice. On board this latter vessel were the master's wife and two young children, the younger seven months old, and they with the crew lived on the desolate Lapland shore for a period of eight days before reaching Archangel. The drawing from which our illustration has been engraved was made by Captain M'DOUGALL, and its truthfulness is vouched for by the masters of the wrecked ships. The number of ships abandoned amounted to sixty-four; of these fourteen eventually arrived at Archangel, so that the total loss may be assumed to be fifty vessels.

SEAL-FISHING.

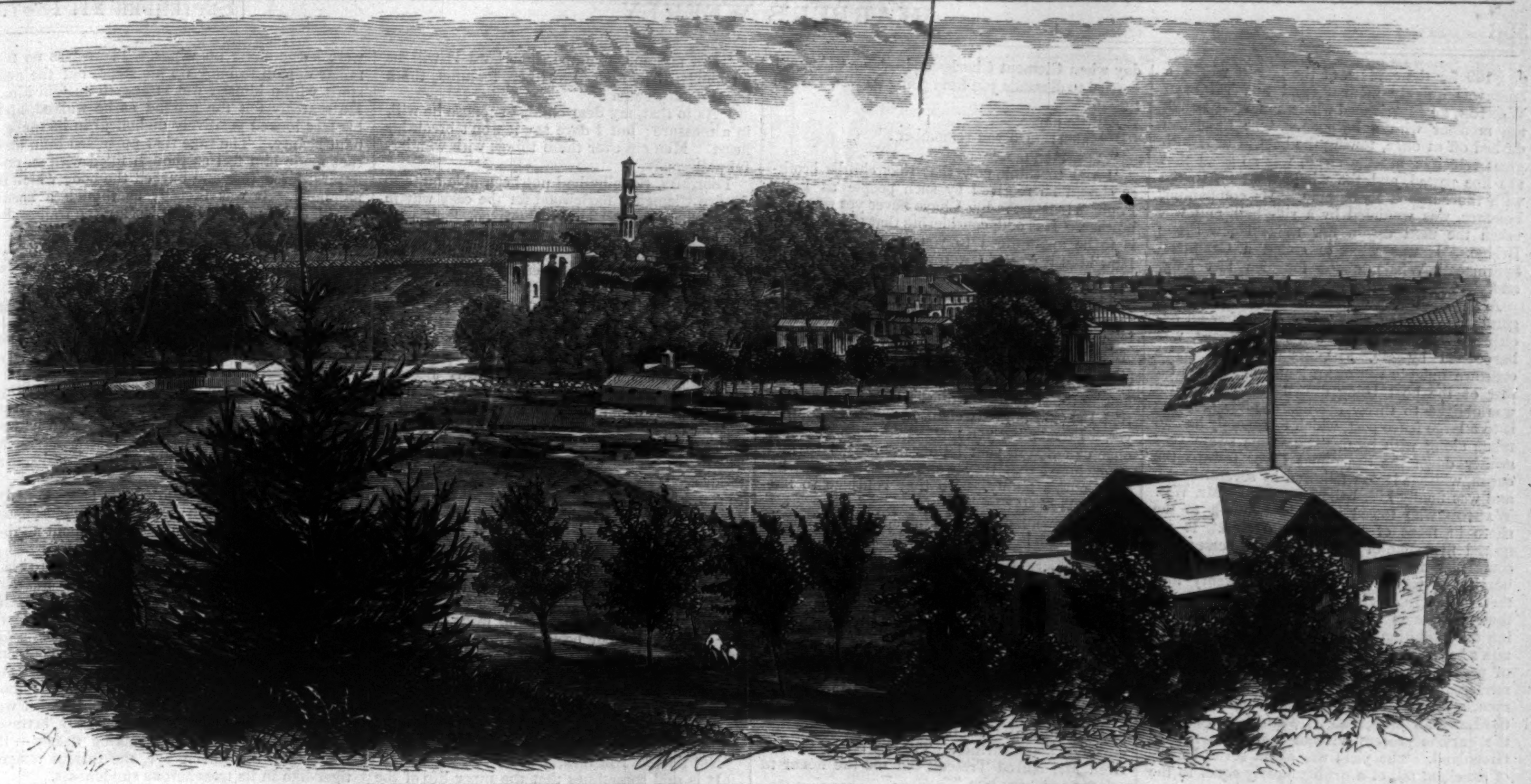
To cross the great prairies of the Far West without taking part in a buffalo-hunt would be high treason in a hunter. In the same manner, to travel in Norway without participating in fishing for seals—those amphibia from which the inhabitants derive their subsistence—would be an act of unpardonable forgetfulness. In the fields of the North Sea and Norway the harvest is the seal.

This strange animal constitutes the staff of life to the Norwegian; he feeds on its flesh, procures his fuel and light from its oil, makes his thread from its entrails, and stops up his windows with its bladder; while it likewise serves him for shirts, curtains, tents, and for the balloons which are fastened to the harpoons and other fishing apparatus.

The harpoon is generally used in fishing for seals on the icy coasts of Greenland. As soon as the fisherman spies the seal rising to the surface of the water to breathe, he leans from his boat in such a manner as to hide his face, and advancing to within thirty yards, seizes his harpoon with the left hand and hurls it with all his force. If he has aimed correctly the head becomes detached from the dart and unwinds the rope coiled in front of the fisherman stretched in his boat. The bladder, or "balloon," which is fastened to the end of the line, is immediately thrown overboard, and the seal plunges downward with great speed, while with a few strokes of the paddle the Norwegian reaches and picks up the floating, detached staff of the harpoon. It sometimes happens that the seal carries the bladder down with him, but he is soon forced to rise to the surface to breathe, and is readily discovered by the reappearance of the bladder. The fisherman then approaches, and inflicting a deep wound on the animal, soon dispatches him with his spear, and tows him ashore to be put to the numerous uses previously described.

DISASTER TO SHIPPING IN THE WHITE SEA.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

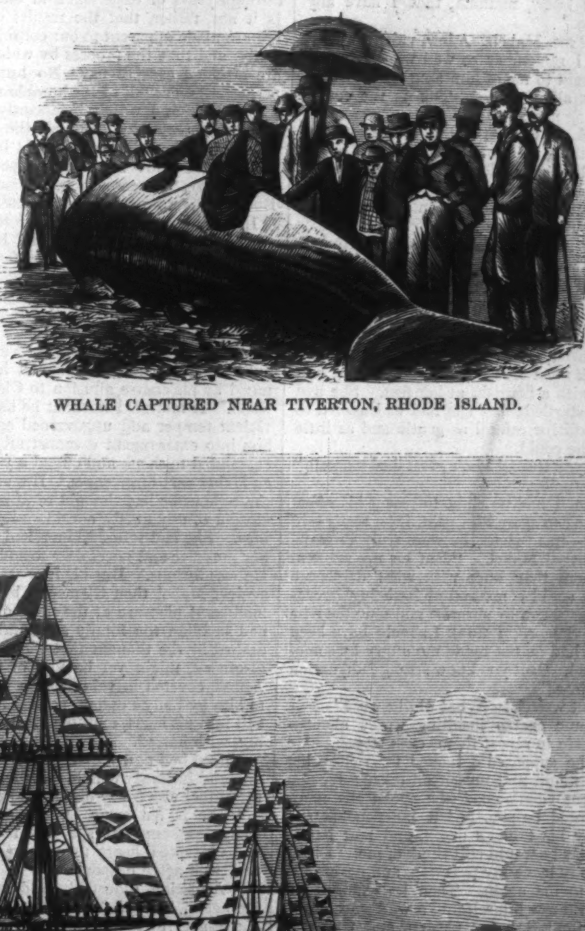
SEAL-HUNTING AS PRACTICED BY THE NORWEGIANS.—[SEE PAGE 595.]



FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS.

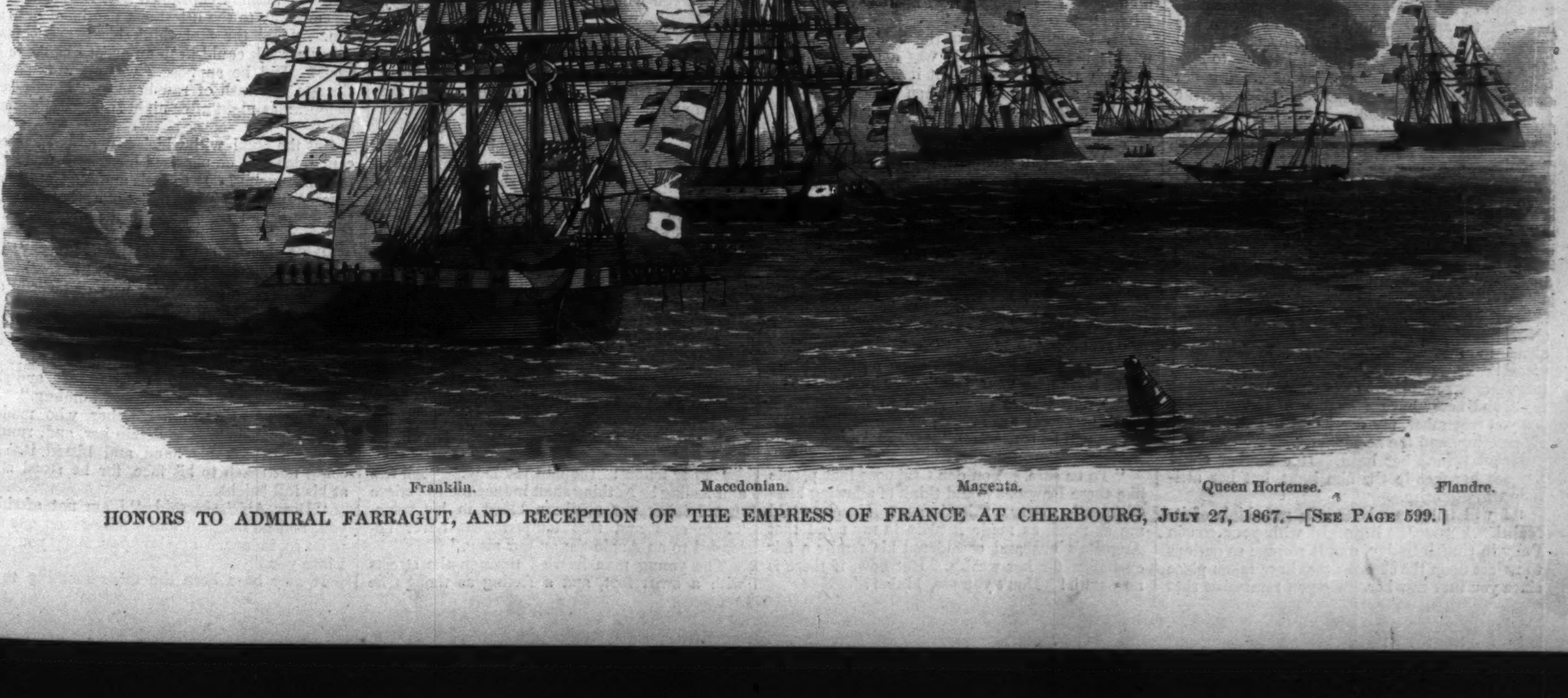
As Boston itself is the pride of Boston, as Central Park is the boast of New York, so the Fairmount Water-Works are the pride and boast of Philadelphia. Years ago they were also the envy of every city in the Union; and though there are now larger and more costly works in existence, the Fairmount Water-Works are unsurpassed in picturesqueness of situation by any other similar works. It would perhaps be difficult to point out any where a spot concentrating in the same space so many elements of the beautiful and picturesque. The ruggedness of the native rock, the view of the adjacent river and falls, Fairmount with its four reservoirs resembling so many silver lakes, the flowers and rich verdure of the level plat and of the hill-sides, added to the sparkling play of numerous fountains with which the grounds are adorned, all combine to form a landscape of exquisite and almost unequaled beauty. The present works were commenced in 1819, by the erection of a dam across the Schuylkill, 1248 feet in length, and in some places 30 feet deep below high-water. This water is turned into a forebay 419 feet long and 90 feet wide, from whence it falls upon and turns 8 wheels from 16 to 18 feet in diameter (and 4 turbine wheels), each having its separate pump, with power sufficient to raise 1,500,000 gallons in 24 hours. The water is elevated 92 feet, into four reservoirs, on the top of a partly natural elevation (but in some parts raised 40 feet above the original hill) immediately at the works, and which gives them their name. These reservoirs contain in the aggregate 26,896,636 gallons, and when full have 12½ feet depth of water, and have supplied as much as 8,850,000 gallons in one day. Connected with these works is a reservoir on Corinthian Avenue which contains 37,500,000 gallons. The old city, and districts *south* of it (in which are laid 125 miles of pipe), are supplied from these works. The total cost, including laying pipes, etc., up to 1854, was $3,291,405.



WHALE CAPTURED NEAR TIVERTON, RHODE ISLAND.

CAPTURE OF A WHALE NEAR TIVERTON, RHODE ISLAND.

AN incident of unusual interest recently occurred at Stone Bridge, in Tiverton, Rhode Island. Two whales came up the Seaconnet River on the 17th of August, and sported for some time in front of the Lawton House, at Tiverton, to the great amusement of the guests and others. Mr. A. T. LAWTON, the owner of the Lawton House, having offered a bounty



Franklin. Macedonian. Magenta. Queen Hortense. Flandre.

HONORS TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, AND RECEPTION OF THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE AT CHERBOURG, JULY 27, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

of $100 for the capture of the largest whale, a boat was quickly manned, and Mr. WILLIAM WANTON, an experienced whaleman, soon struck the monster with a harpoon. The huge fish dashed off at once, towing the boat after it with great velocity; but the strain was so great that the line parted, and the whale went off to sea with the harpoon in its side. Its companion, however, was wounded by a rifle-ball, and was taken the next day a few miles below Stone Bridge. It was what is called a Grampus-Spermaceti Whale, about fourteen feet long, and yielded a quantity of excellent oil.

A few days afterward a third whale was seen gamboling near Stone Bridge, and, after an exciting chase by various boats and sloops, was harpooned by Mr. FRANCIS WANTON. The creature quickly ran out a long line, which, for fear of the boat being drawn under, WANTON was obliged to throw overboard, after securing it to a large fence post, which fortunately he had taken along with him. The whale swam very swiftly down the Seaconnet River toward the ocean, whither it was followed by several boats, and was finally killed the next day by Mr. WM. WANTON, who towed it up in triumph to the shore in front of the Lawton House. It required five yoke of oxen, a pair of horses, and some fifty men to haul the monster up on the beach. It was found to measure twenty-four feet in length, six feet across the flukes, and fourteen feet in circumference. After remaining on exhibition for several days on Mr. LAWTON'S beach, where it was freely visited by crowds of people, its blubber was taken off and its oil rendered in scientific style by practiced whalemen, greatly to the edification of the guests at the Lawton House, who were enabled to witness the curious process without making a trip to Greenland. The yield was about seven barrels of excellent oil, of a quality nearly equal to the best spermaceti. Only once before is it remembered that a whale has visited this part of the waters of Rhode Island.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book IV

CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCES.

MRS. SAXELBY, on her arrival in Dublin with Dooley, was met by the news of Mr. Charlewood's sudden death, and of the calamity—now known to all the world—that had overtaken the great house of Gandry and Charlewood. The tidings shocked her greatly. She had seen Clement on the night before she left Hammerham, and he had then made no mention of his father's illness, or of the impending disaster. Yet this was the very evening on which Lady Popham's concert took place, and on which Walter had received the fatal telegram.

"It is true," said Mrs. Saxelby, musingly, "that Clement looked shockingly ill—quite haggard and old."

Mabel drooped her head wearily.

"You are pale to-day, Mabel," said her mother. She held her daughter a little away from her, with both hands upon the girl's dark shining hair. The face she looked on now was more beautiful than that from which she had parted at Hazlehurst. There was more depth of expression in the gray eyes, shaded by their thick lashes. The contour of the cheeks was, perhaps, somewhat less full, but the features looked more formed and set, and the graceful, lithe figure had become developed into the rounded outlines of early womanhood.

"You look better than when you left Eastfield, my child," said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her fondly. "And yet you are working terribly hard here, too."

"Yes, mamma dear; but there is all the difference between free labor and the tread-mill! My work here is done willingly, and there is hope at the end of it."

The widow and her children were installed in the lodgings which had been taken for them in Kelly's Square, in the near neighborhood of Mr. Walton's house. Mrs. Saxelby had already taken the colors of the people about her with chameleon-like facility, and seemed to have forgotten her former doubts and objections to the theatre completely. She was never weary of listening to Mabel's theatrical experiences; or of hearing her daughter tell, with very innocent pride, of the favor with which the audience now received her, of the practice she was getting, and of the daily progress that she felt she was making in her art. But very often, and, as it were, in Mabel's own despite, the talk between the mother and daughter would come round to the topic of the Charlewoods altered fortunes.

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Saxelby would say for the hundredth time, "to think—only to think of the Charlewoods coming to be poor!"

Once, when they had been sitting silent in the twilight of a Sunday evening, Mrs. Saxelby exclaimed, suddenly, "How strangely things come about in this world, don't they? Fortune's wheel! Yes, truly a wheel. And it turns and turns—only some people get shaken off into the mire, and never have a chance of rising again. Do you remember, my dear, that day of the music-meeting, and the accident?"

Mabel turned her head. Her mother could not see her face in the dim light, but her attitude was attentive.

"I will tell you what made me think of it, Mabel. I saw that little girl with your cousin Polly in church to-day, and it seemed so curious to reflect upon the changes that have taken place since you first saw her. Do you remember that day when Clement Charlewood—poor Clement!—tried to dissuade you from going to New Bridge Street?"

A little pause.

"Mabel! Do you remember?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And to think now that that child's brother should be received by such people as Lady Popham! By-the-by, I have never yet seen her brother. It is odd, considering that the little girl is to be apprenticed to your cousin's husband. How kind it was of Mr. Bensa to take her without a premium, was it not?"

This time the response was instant and hearty.

"Very kind, mamma. The Bensas are thoroughly good people."

"Of course," pursued Mrs. Saxelby, "Mr. Bensa will pay himself out of her earnings, if he succeeds in making a singer of her. But, then, look at the risks meanwhile! It *is* odd, though, that I should not have chanced to see the brother yet. I remember you mentioned these Trescotts once or twice in your letters from Kilclare, and I concluded that they were quite intimate with your aunt's family. Do they continue to like Alfred Trescott?"

"Oh, mamma," cried Mabel, hastily, "don't speak of him! The sound of his name is odious to me."

"Mabel! What do you mean?"

"I will tell you, dear mamma. I meant to tell you some time; but I did not want to annoy your ears with the tale the moment you arrived."

"But now that you have said so much, Mabel, you must say more," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously. Mabel rose and paced about the room.

"Oh, don't frighten yourself, mamma dear," she said. "It was an annoyance—a great annoyance to me. But it is not worth distressing ourselves about further. The day before you arrived Mr. Alfred Trescott did me the honor to ask me to marry him."

"To marry him! *Him!* I never heard such presumption."

"I do not know, mamma, that I have any right to say so."

"Don't tell me, Mabel. A low, vulgar, worthless fellow. I remember so well what Clement Charlewood said to me of him long ago. Oh, it puts me past all patience! This is the consequence of being mixed up with such people. Ah, Mabel, Mabel, I wish you had staid at Eastfield, or done any thing rather than this!"

Mrs. Saxelby's unstable mind was already veering round again to the opposite opinion to that which she had begun to entertain respecting her daughter's line of conduct.

"But tell me what he said," she continued. "I need not ask how you answered him."

"It was more the manner in which the offer was made than the offer itself that offended me," said Mabel.

And then she proceeded to relate to her mother how Alfred Trescott, "with all his blushing honors thick upon him," had come to her, and laid them, with a flourish, at her feet. She had been much startled; but she had endeavored to make her positive refusal as gentle and as little painful as she could.

"I think you treated him a great deal too well," said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Mamma, I had no right to resent his offer. And I wished to spare him pain, if he really—if he had any—if, in short, he were truly in earnest," stammered Mabel. "But on my answer, repeated more than once with what deliberate assurance I could command of its being irrevocable—I was taken by surprise and agitated—he grew quite violent. I think I should have been frightened, had he not made me angry by something he said. But you know strong indignation drives out fear."

"Insolent wretch! What did he say?"

"Oh, some coarse insulting words about—about—I hate to repeat them, even to you. He said that he supposed I looked for riches, but that *now* I might find myself mistaken; for that Mr. Clement Charlewood—he spoke the name openly—would be shortly left independent and wealthy, by his father's death, and that it was very unlikely he would still think of me. I bade him instantly leave my presence, and never dare to speak to me again. Then he changed his mood, and threw himself into a wild state of excitement, imploring my pardon, and trying to fall on his knees before me. But I could endure no more. I left him without another word, and I have not seen him since."

Mrs. Saxelby poured out the vials of her wrath upon Alfred Trescott. It was a lady-like and not very terrible wrath; but it was real. Will not even a timid barn-door hen cluck and peck, and beat her wings, if one offers to molest her chickens?

A short time after this conversation Carlo Bensa informed them that Miss O'Brien was going abroad. Mrs. Dawson was to meet her son and his bride at Nice, on their homeward journey, Miss O'Brien was going with her aunt, and they would all return to England together. Lady Popham would depart for London in a few weeks, and young Trescott was to accompany his patroness to the metropolis. Such was the news that the singing-master brought from Merrion Square.

"Hum, going abroad?" said Mrs. Saxelby, musingly, when Bensa had gone away. "Ah, well, I suppose *that* is all over now. If the Charlewoods have come down in the world as much as people are saying, of course Clement's match will be broken off."

"Broken off, mamma?"

"To be sure. You don't suppose that people like these Dawsons would think of allowing Miss O'Brien to marry a ruined man? Penelope told me as much as made it plain to my mind that Augusta's husband considered his family a fair exchange for her wealth. But now, if there is no wealth! Don't you see, Mabel?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma, how hard it will be for him! If he really loves her, mamma, think how he must suffer!"

"As to that, my dear child, I suppose he will, in a measure; but I dare say it won't break his heart. Men get over these things with wonderful philosophy."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby had not been able quite to forgive Clement Charlewood for the easy way in which she supposed him to have got "off with the old love" and "on with the new." It was true that Mabel had refused him. Of course, that was quite true; but Clement ought to have pined and persevered a great deal longer, if even it would not more have become him to refuse consolation from that time forth for evermore.

Mabel said no further word on the subject, but her thoughts were busied with it often. Ay, often when her lips were mechanically uttering the words of her stage part, or her eyes were mechanically conning her task for the evening.

"*I* would not have abandoned him, though ten times his present ruin had befallen him, if—if I had been his affianced wife." So ran her meditations. "I would have been proud and happy to stand by his side in the face of all the world, even though we two had stood alone, hand in hand. It must be so sweet to give every thing to one whom we love!"

She started as a recollection pierced her. This sweetness of self-sacrifice, the joy of this lavish offering, she had denied to Clement Charlewood. He had once longed to give up every thing for her sake. He had been ready and willing to take her hand, and, if need were, to stand singly by her side before the eyes of all men. Her pride had repulsed the offer. She could not stoop to accept *every thing* from his hand.

"Ah! but then I did not—did not—love him."

Not then? Not *then*, Mabel?

It is said sometimes that the inner life of the soul is not measured by the progress of time, as is the outer life of the body; that we may pass through years of experience in one brief hour. Is it not, rather, that the results of that inner life are made apparent to our consciousness suddenly, and that the process by which the results are attained escapes us? No human eye can perceive the growth of the humblest weed. You may watch, and watch incessantly; no movement is perceptible. But all the time the sun shines, the dew falls, the winds breathe—and, on a sudden, lo! there is the perfect flower! And we say, "It seems to have arisen by magic." But there is no magic in the matter.

In the breast of Alfred Trescott rage, disappointment, wounded vanity, and bitter burning jealousy, struggled with some feeling that he called love, and that made him more than ever desirous of winning the haughty girl who had so decisively, and, as he thought, contemptuously rejected him. It mattered not that Mabel's manner, though cold, had been gentle and courteous, until her pride and womanhood had been outraged by his coarse allusion to Clement Charlewood. It mattered not that he had allowed his violent temper and ungoverned egotism to lead him into extravagant demonstrations of passion calculated to shock and offend a young girl such as Mabel past forgiveness. It mattered not that throughout he had thought of *himself* to the exclusion of any manly consideration for her feelings. She had refused him; had bade him quit her presence and never dare to address her more. He was furious. But his fury was directed less against Mabel than Clement Charlewood. His malignant pleasure at the news of the ruin that had befallen the family at Bramley Manor was dashed by the thought that Clement, ruined and disgraced, might yet be lord of that which he, Alfred, coveted in vain; and a revelation made to him by Lady Popham poured the last drop of gall into his heart, and filled it, even to overflowing, with hatred.

Alfred had now reached such a degree of confidential intimacy with his patroness that his love for Mabel was freely discussed between them.

"She is led away by dreams of ambition, Lady Popham, but she will not easily find a more devoted heart than mine," said Alfred, with well-acted despondency.

"Ambition, indeed!" cried my lady, tossing her head. "What does the girl dream of? Does she expect to marry a duke? Besides, that is not the question. She gave you encouragement. Strive as you will to shield her, you can't deny that."

Then my lady in her indignation told Alfred of Mr. Clement Charlewood's visit to Cloncoolin; and though she did not repeat the exact terms in which young Charlewood had spoken of him, she said enough to reveal the unfavorable nature of his words.

"I believe the girl has been playing fast and loose between you," said the angry old lady. She was raising a demon that she was powerless to guide or quell. How terrified would the foolish, kindly, impetuous old woman have been could she but have understood for one moment the real nature of the spirit that glared out at her from beneath those black silk lashes as she told the tale of Clement's visit to Cloncoolin!

CHAPTER X.

CORDA CHOOSES.

ALFRED TRESCOTT left Merrion Square with a tearing passion in his breast, that even his practiced cunning was unable wholly to conceal from Lady Popham's observation.

"Poor fellow!" thought my lady. "All fire and feeling! Nothing shall induce me to believe that he has not southern blood in his veins. Those eyes and that temperament never belonged to an Anglo-Saxon pur sang."

The young man hurried through the streets with a swift foot, and a feeling as though he were borne along on wings. There was no familiar demon to buoy up his steps, but the evil spirit within himself was strong to sustain him. He scarcely felt the ground as he walked, and his face looked positively diabolical in its malignant beauty. The rage that possessed him, and that made him feel as though filled with an unnatural force, tore and burned the body which it animated. It was literally as though a keen-edged, deadly blade were piercing the frail scabbard that contained it.

He dashed into the little parlor where his father was sitting at his usual employment, with a pile of music-paper before him.

"Hallo, Alf!" cried Mr. Trescott, looking up on his son's abrupt entrance. "What's the matter? Bless my soul, you look as if you'd been committing murder!"

Alfred made no reply; but the face he turned toward his father certainly justified the startling exclamation. It was quite livid—Alfred always grew pale, and never red, in anger—and he was gnawing his under-lip with his sharp white teeth.

"I want to speak to you, Alf," proceeded Mr. Trescott.

"I haven't time," snarled his son, savagely. "I'm going out again directly. Do you suppose I've nothing to do but to maunder about all day in this beastly den?"

Mr. Trescott's impression was that Alfred had been drinking. Absolute intoxication was very unfrequent with him. Not because he was temperate, but because he seemed unassailable by the vulgar physical retribution that usually follows excess. He would walk away, cool and wary, from orgies that left older men prostrate, or flushed and maddened with strong liquor. Still there were symptoms which his father well knew and recognized that generally betrayed when Alfred had been drinking deeply—the white face, the glaring eye, the furious temper, tiger-like in its treacherous suddenness.

"I only wanted to say one word to you about Corda, Alf."

"What about Corda?"

"I told you that Bensa had offered to take her as his articled pupil without a premium; and to pay himself out of her earnings if he makes a singer of her."

"You did tell me; and I told *you* what I thought about it. I should say no at once. We don't want Mr. Carlo Bensa's kind assistance. Skulking little fox!"

"But Corda, Alf, Corda! This offer of Bensa's holds out a prospect for her that is not likely to recur. The child is fond, too, of his wife and all of 'em—"

"The child's a deuced sight *too* fond of whining and whimpering to strangers and carrying tales. I have told you over and over again that *I'll* look after Corda; but I'll do it in my own way and at my own time, and I won't be dictated to by any body."

"Well, Alf," said Mr. Trescott, looking up defiantly while his lame side twitched nervously, "I don't see that much good has come, or is likely to come, to her from your brotherly love and protection. We won't trouble you. I am Corda's father, and have a right to do as I like. And the long and the short of it is, that I have accepted Bensa's offer. I merely wished to tell you."

Alfred rapped out a fierce oath. "You have accepted, have you?" said he, glaring at his father. "What the devil have you been wasting my time for in jawing about it then? It will be better for *me*, no doubt. I wash my hands of her. Whether you haven't made a little mistake in your calculations time will show."

Mr. Trescott shrugged his shoulders. "Here is a note for you," he said, "that I got at the treasury this morning when I went for my money and yours. They gave me your week's salary, but I expect I know pretty well what the note is about."

Alfred tore the letter open, and, having read it, tossed it contemptuously across to his father. It was a dismissal from his situation in the orchestra of the Dublin theatre, couched in a few severe words, referring to his constant neglect of his duties there.

"It's a pity," sighed the father. "You might as well have had the money up to the end of the season. But I knew this would come. I was sure of it. Barker has been very waxy about you for this long time past."

Alfred audibly consigned Mr. Barker and all his company to the uttermost depths of destruction. "Did the fool think his twopence-halfpenny a week could keep an artist like *me* in his band? Did he suppose *I* was going to sit fiddling to his trash of raw-head and bloody-bone melodramas night after night? Ecod, its amusing!"

But the laugh with which Mr. Alfred Trescott concluded and emphasized his speech was by no means amusing. It so little amused Corda, who entered the room in the midst of it, that she stood trembling and astonished in the doorway, with her eyes fixed on her brother.

Her father called the child to him. "You look frightened, little one," said he, soothingly. But his countenance, too, was disturbed, and his hand shook as it stroked her hair.

"Oh, that's the latest thing, is it?" muttered Alfred, glancing at them with a frown. "She's frightened of me, is she? Go on. You're improving her education at a pretty rate, and she's an apt scholar in hypocrisy and humbug."

Corda broke from her father, who made a half-concealed effort to detain her, and, running to Alfred, took his hand and kissed it. She could not reach to his face, for he stood stiffly at his full height.

"Dear Alf," she said, "I am not afraid of you, and no one can make me so; no one tries to do so, indeed. I do love you, Alf; you know I love you!"

It may have been the mere soothing to his

self-love, sorely stung as it had been that day, or perhaps—God knows—some throb of natural affection not quite deadened in his perverted heart that made him stoop and kiss her. The child threw her arms around his neck and pressed him to her breast with all her feeble power. "There's my own Alf," she said, in her quaint, grave way, though her lips quivered and the tears were shining in her eyes. "You *will* be good, won't you, Alf dear?"

"Look here, pussy-cat," said her brother, suddenly. "I want to speak to you."

He seated himself and drew her to his side with one arm about her waist and his other hand on her forehead, so that he could read her upturned face at his ease. "I think you *are* fond of me." He checked her eager answer and went on. "Now, I am going to see whether it's all talk or whether there's any thing real in it; do you understand? I am going to London. You know that. Very well. There has been some talk of apprenticing you to Mr. Bensa. Don't interrupt me, father! You shall have your say afterward. Now, Corda, I don't like that scheme at all. I'm not fond of the Bensas, and I know very well that there's no love lost between us. If you stay here with them I shall wash my hands of you, get rid of you, trouble myself no more about you. You know what I mean. No need to cry. Listen. If instead of that you go to town with me and the governor, I will look after you. I have high friends, rich friends, who can help me, and help me to help you. Now choose for yourself. I give you till to-morrow to decide. But you know me, Corda; if I bid you good-by here, and leave you with the Bensas, it will be a good-by that may last your life-time."

Mr. Trescott broke in excitedly:

"I won't have this, Alfred. It is cruel. You are torturing the child to no purpose. She can not decide for herself. I—*I* must decide for her, judge for her, and think of her future."

He limped about as his habit was when strongly moved or irritated, and Corda looked from her father to her brother with sad perplexed eyes, blurred by tears.

Alfred ran up stairs to his bedroom, whence he presently returned with a gay silver-mounted cane, and a pair of fresh delicate-hued gloves. He had arranged his long hair picturesquely, and had effaced in a great measure the traces of anger and excitement from his countenance. He passed through the small parlor in silence; but when his hand was on the door Corda raised her face, which had been hidden in her hands, and said: "Alf dear, Miss Mabel is going to London too, isn't she? Should I see her there?"

The varying hues of the sea, when the wild wind drives the clouds above it, are not more swift and startling in their changes than were the expressions that flitted over Alfred's handsome, evil young face, as his sister spoke. For one instant he stood irresolute, his dark eyes blazing, and his whole mien that of one who was about to burst forth into some violent ebullition of anger. But he restrained the impulse. The straight dark brows drew together into a black frown; the well-cut mouth writhed itself into a sneer.

"Yes, Corda," he said, very slowly, and in a soft, sweet voice that was unnatural in its tone, "yes; if that is an inducement I think I can promise that you shall see—Miss Mabel, if you go to London."

When her brother had left the house Corda remained silent for some time, with her soft brown curls bowed down upon her hands. Mr. Trescott continued to move fretfully about the room, now and again uttering ejaculations of impatience and vexation. At length he took up his pen, and seated himself again before his music-paper.

Then Corda rose and crept up to him.

"Papa," she whispered, timidly.

"Well, my pet?"

"May I—will you let me do as I like?"

"I can not promise that, my little girl. You are not old enough to judge what is best for you."

Corda was silent for a few minutes, and laid a caressing hand on her father's shoulder. Presently a hot tear fell on Mr. Trescott's hand as he wrote; then another, and another. He turned and looked at Corda. The sight of her sorrow was unendurable to him.

"Why, my pretty, my gentle little girlie, you mustn't fret! Don't cry, Corda; for God's sake don't cry! I will—I— There, you shall do any thing you like, if you only will not fret."

She threw herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa dear, I am so sorry for Alf. Yes; yes, I know that he is getting on well, and all that. And, of course, he is quite sure to succeed in London. *Almost* quite sure, if—if he will practice a little more. But, papa, I sometimes think that Alf wants somebody to help him to be good, and to love him. You saw that he was kind to me just now, although he had been in one of his naughty passionate moods the minute before."

"Kind to thee, my little lamb! Who could be unkind to my Corda? But Alf doesn't treat you well. Nor me either."

"I don't mind, papa—not for myself, that is. I know he does not really mean it. And—don't be angry with me, papa—but I think sometimes that he sees you love me the best; and he may fancy, you know, that nobody loves him. And, papa, he is mamma's boy too, isn't he? Poor mamma, who died when I was a tiny baby! I never knew mamma; but, somehow, I feel so sure that she would wish me to stay with Alf, and to love him. Perhaps—don't be sorry, dear, it's only *perhaps*, you know—I might not live to grow very old. And if I died before Alfred, I should like to tell mamma when I see her in heaven that I loved her boy, and staid with him to the last."

The sweet voice faltered, and the delicate head drooped on her father's shoulder, and his tears were mingled with hers.

Truly Miss Fluke had found Corda an unpromising pupil, and had made many dismal moans over her dark and unconverted state of mind. But it may be—although the suggestion is doubtless a bold one—that there is a higher code of Christian ethics than even Miss Fluke's, a code which finds some echo in every human heart, and whose ruling law is Love.

When Alfred returned home that evening, Corda, who had been sitting up for him in her own little room, stole forth to tell him that papa had consented to let her go with him to London, and that she was very glad.

"The governor's come round to see which side of his bread the butter lies, has he?" said Alfred. "But, Corda, you sha'n't repent sticking to me. You shall be made a singer yet, if you've set your heart on it. I'll get you the first masters in London, men who wouldn't hire Bensa to play accompaniments for them. You shall ride in your carriage, and splash Bensa with the mud from its wheels, some day. By G— you shall!"

"Hush, *please*, Alf dear! Thank you very much; but I do think Mr. Bensa is very clever and very kind, and I love him and Madame Bensa very much. Only, of course, Alf, I love you better, and so does papa."

It had been a struggle for the child to resign the hope of a home with these kind people, and the prospect of being thoroughly instructed in the art she loved so well.

"But," said Corda, sagely to herself, as she took off and neatly folded her poor garments before going to rest, "being apprenticed to Mr. Bensa always seemed too easy and pleasant to be real. I liked it so much that I didn't believe it *could* come true. I want so very much to do right. I hope this is right, and I think it must be, for—it's an odd thing, but I have always noticed it—the things that are easy and pleasant, and that you like best, are so often wrong."

It was a hard saying for so young a creature. But Corda's life-lessons were being learned in a hard school.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LONDON MANAGER.

"Have you it on authority?" asked Mrs. Digby Wylde, the leading lady, in a deep-toned voice. "Because it seems to me very, *very* improbable."

"To be sure," rejoined our old acquaintance, Mr. Snell, recently promoted to the position of second low comedian at the Theatre Royal, Dublin; "on the best authority. Oh, it's quite correct, you may depend upon it, Mrs. Wylde. You'll see our young friend's name in big letters at the Royal Thespian Theatre before next year's out. And *that's* a nice state of things for the profession to have come to, ain't it?"

Mrs. Digby Wylde smiled contemptuously.

"To me," she said, in her loftiest manner, "it matters little. For the sake of the profession in general, I own I think this kind of thing deplorable—deplorable!"

"Ah-h-h," exclaimed a stout old gentleman, in a court suit and powdered wig, drawing a long breath and nodding portentously, "I tell you what it is, ma'am, the London stage is going to the deuce as fast as it can go. The provinces, ma'am, the provinces are the home of the drama. I went to London for a fortnight during our last vacation, and I was astonished at the exhibitions they will tolerate on the metropolitan boards. By George, I should like to see 'em stand it here, that's all! Why, they'd fling the benches at you!"

"Umph!" grunted Jerry Shaw, who was squeezed into the darkest corner of the green-room, where this talk was going on one evening during the performance. "Aha! Well, it's a comfort for us who can't get to London to think of that, any how."

Mrs. Wylde merely shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. She had tried one or two passages of arms with old Jerry, and—being by no means a fool—had perceived the unlikelihood of any glory to be derived by her from such combats. She therefore preserved an attitude of armed neutrality in his presence. But the stout old gentleman, who was rather obtuse, did not imitate her wisdom.

"Mr. Shaw," said he, with some heat, "I'll trouble you to speak for yourself when you talk about people who *can't* get to London. I beg to inform you, Sir, that, as far as *I* am concerned, the difficulties have been all of my own making—all of my own making, Sir."

"Of course," said Jerry, in his sharpest tones, and jerking out his words in little short sentences, "no doubt of that. You wouldn't suit the Cockneys a bit. No more should I. You're too clever for 'em. And I'm not clever enough. That's a *quare* thing when you come to look at it."

Mr. Snell stood by, rubbing his hands, and maliciously enjoying the duel—a very unequal one, save that the stout old gentleman possessed that mail of proof which Napoleon ascribed to the British army—he did not know when he was beaten.

"Well," said Mr. Snell, "it is to be hoped that Miss M. A. Bell will prove clever enough, and not too clever. It's a fine thing to be a novice. I wish I was a novice. Perhaps a London manager would take a fancy to *me*, then."

"Perhaps he might," said Jerry, "because then there'd be some hope of your improving."

"Ha, ha! Not bad, Mr. Shaw, not bad," laughed Mr. Snell, coloring scarlet through his stage-rouge. "I'm never angry at any thing *you* say."

"Sorry I can't return the compliment. I'm angry at a good many things *you* say."

"Oh!" sneered Mr. Snell, "if you're angry with every body who doesn't admire Miss Bell you'll have plenty to do."

"But if I make friends with every body who does admire her I shall have a vast deal more to do. Why the devil—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wylde—why in the world can't you let the girl alone? Isn't she as sweet and good-natured as a May morning? Does she ever carp, or backbite, or say unkind things of or to any of ye? I was going to say, 'Isn't she a lady to the backbone?' but on second thoughts I won't trouble you with that argument," muttered old Jerry, finishing his speech almost inaudibly.

"Mr. Shaw is of opinion," said Mrs. Wylde, majestically, "that his present hearers are incompetent to appreciate Miss Bell's ladylike qualities."

At this moment the call-boy summoned Mr. Shaw, and Jerry hobbled out of the green-room without deigning to reply to Mrs. Wylde's last speech.

"But is it really true, Snell," said the stout old man, as soon as Jerry Shaw had left the room—"is it really true that Allen has engaged Miss Bell for the Thespian?"

"I believe it is. I tell you how I heard it. My dresser is the landlord of the house where the Trescotts lodge, and he says that little Corda is full of some grand thing or other that's to happen to Miss Bell, and that she said she was going to London; and my dresser says, too, he suspects there's been some split between that conceited puppy Alfred Trescott and the Walton party. But the little girl won't say any thing about it, or can't. And I know, too, from another source, that Allen spoke very highly of Miss B. to Barker. And altogether, I should say there's no doubt that—"

The tide of Mr. Snell's gossip was cut short here by the entrance into the green-room of Mr. Alaric Allen, the London manager, whose supposed approval of poor Mabel had excited such commotion in the theatre. This gentleman, besides being the manager of a leading London theatre, was also one of the most accomplished actors of his day. He was at present performing in Dublin as a "star." And we may know positively what Mr. Snell could only make a shrewd guess at by dint of piecing together such scraps of second-hand information as he could gather, and which he was never deterred from availing himself of by any foolish scruples of delicacy or honor. It was true that Mr. Alaric Allen, lessee and manager of the Royal Thespian Theatre, London, had been so struck by Mabel's fresh grace and dramatic power that he had offered her an engagement for the following season at his theatre, promising to bring her out with every advantage that the resources of his establishment could command; for it was a time of peculiar dearth and barrenness in the theatrical field, and a novelty—above all a *young* novelty—was being sought for by more than one enterprising manager. Besides, too, the only successful début for a long time past had taken place at the theatre of a rival manager, whom Mr. Alaric Allen cordially hated, and to compete with Dobbs, and to beat him on his own ground, would be a very agreeable thing for Mr. Alaric Allen. Dobbs's débutante was a Pomeranian lady, who, oddly enough, talked with a slight brogue, and who—her spécialité being rather the pantomimic than the dramatic art—had pieces written for her in which she invariably crossed a ravine or a mountain torrent, or even simply passed from house-top to house-top, on the slack rope. This feat, very gracefully performed in a very airy costume, had taken the town by storm, and for a long time had brought large sums of money to Mr. Dobbs's exchequer. But at last the town appeared to have had enough of the slack rope; and, as Mr. Dobbs pathetically observed, even the tight rope—for the Pomeranian lady tried that—failed to pull the houses up again.

"I think we'll do a little better than the Pomeranian," said Mr. Alaric Allen to his wife, when they were discussing Mabel. Mr. Allen's theatre was really one of the best conducted and of the highest standing in London. He himself was a man of considerable culture outside his own especial art, and he had an honest love for acting, which made him desire to present his plays to the public interpreted by the best performers whose services he was able to command.

It was settled that Mabel should remain in Mr. Barker's company for a couple of months longer, and should then proceed to London to commence rehearsals, so as to be ready to make her début at a favorable period of the London season. Juliet was the character fixed upon for her first appearance.

"It's hackneyed," said Mr. Allen, "but there's nothing better. Above all, as you're so young, why the very idea of a Juliet under forty will be an attraction of itself."

Mr. Barker, a good-natured man enough, and very willing to oblige his metropolitan brother-manager, had promised that Mabel should have more than one opportunity of playing Juliet before leaving Dublin. As he could not keep the young actress in his own theatre, he had no objection to make her farewell performances as brilliant as possible.

"Well, all the world is going to London, I declare!" said Mrs. Walton to her niece. "There's young Trescott and yourself. Fancy that rich old lady taking him to town with her! They say that she expects him to do wonders in the musical world."

"And so he will, Mary!" said her husband.

"No doubt of it," cried Jack.

"We shall see," said Janet.

"But our Mabel is *sure* to succeed," said Mrs. Walton. There was a unanimous chorus of, "Sure—quite sure;" whereupon Madame Bensa's baby, who was present, swelled the sound with gurgling hilarity, and crowed and kicked again.

"If I do," said Mabel, between smiling and crying, "it will be thanks to you all. Do you remember the Arabian Nights story you told me when I first came here, Uncle John? Well, but I am no such heroine as the Princess was. She had to toil up the hill all alone. Now I have dear, loving voices to cheer my way, and drown the airy sound of taunting and derision."

"I'm not sure," said Janet, musingly, "that, although the way would be drearier, a woman might not be the more likely to come to the mountain-top if she *were* all alone."

"Well, cousin Janet, perhaps that depends upon what she wants to find when she gets to the summit. The magic tree has different sounds for different ears. And mine whispers me, waving its branches and rustling its leaves melodiously, 'Here under my shade is a rest and a shelter where you may abide in peace with the hearts that love you.'"

END OF BOOK IV.

TO-DAY'S SINGING.

Weave me a rhyme to-day:
No pleasant roundelay,
But some vague, restless yearning of the heart
Shaped with but little art
To broken numbers, that shall flow
All dreamily and slow.
I think no merry fancy should belong
To this day's song.

Look how the maple stands,
Waving its bleeding hands
With such weird gestures; and the petals fall
From the dry roses—pale, nor longer sweet;
And by the garden-wall
The unclasped vines, and all
These sad dead leaves, a-rustle at our feet.

Dear bodies of the flowers,
From which the little fragrant souls are fled,
Beside you, lying dead,
We say, "Another summer shall be ours
When all these naked boughs shall be aflame
With fresh, young blossoms." Ay, but not the same;
And that is saddest. By the living bloom,
Who cares for last year's beauty—in the tomb?

Spring, blossom, and decay,
Ah, poet, sing thy day—
So brief a day, alas!....
Beloved, and shall we pass
Beneath the living grass,
Out from the glad, warm splendor of the sun?
A little dust about some old tree's root,
With all our voices mute,
And all our singing done?

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S RECEPTION ABROAD.

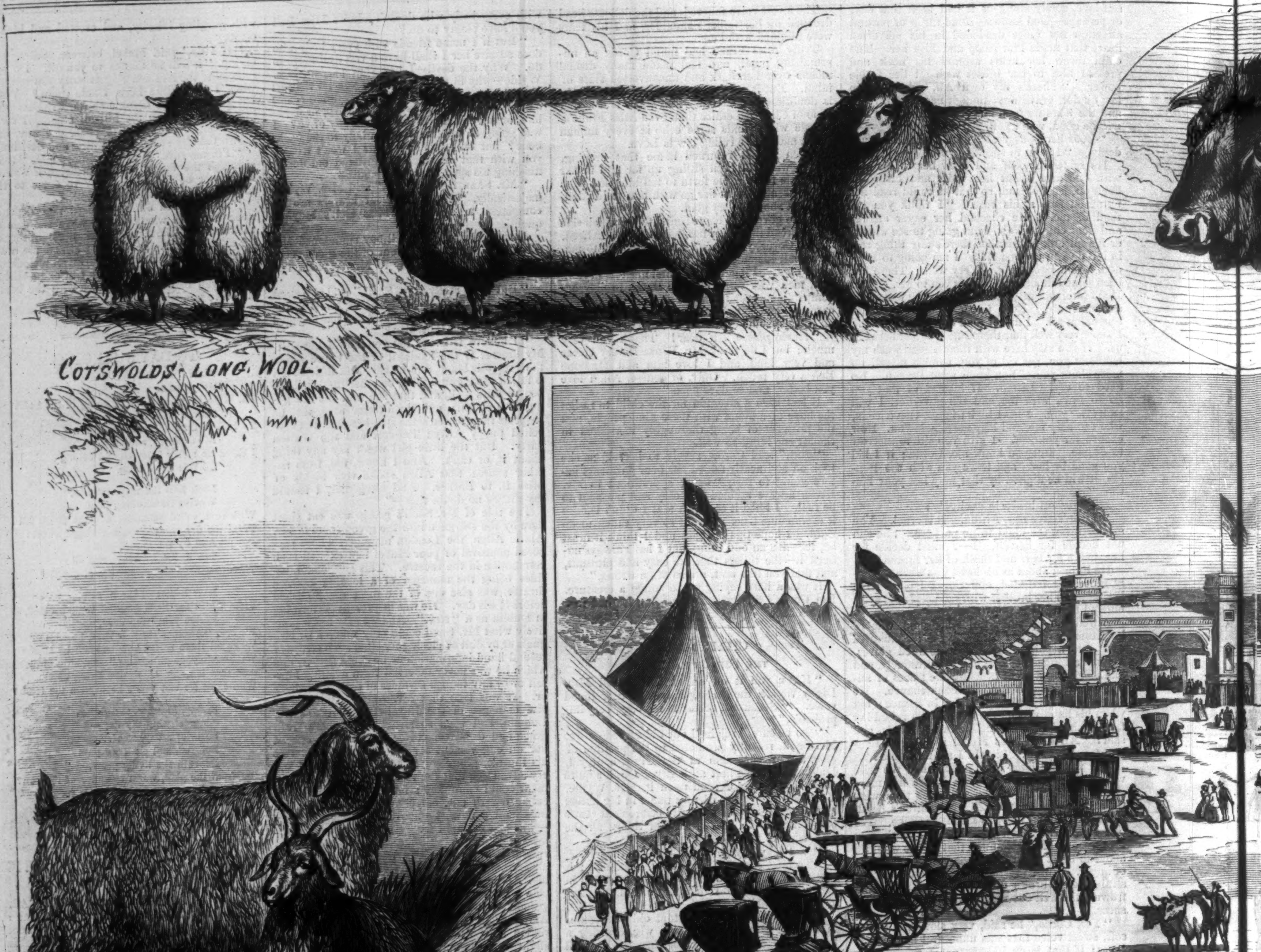
The reception of our great naval hero, Admiral Farragut, by the French and Russian authorities, can not but be as gratifying to his countrymen as it appears to have been to the Admiral himself. He has given a graphic description of his welcome by the Russians at Cronstadt; it appears, by the following letter and the accompanying sketch received from an officer of the *Franklin*, the Admiral's Flag-ship, that the honors paid him at Cherbourg were not less distinguished. The occasion described and the incident illustrated was that of the reception on July 27 of the Empress Eugenie at Cherbourg, whither she had gone in her imperial yacht, *Queen Hortense*, to extend a welcome to Admiral Farragut to French waters. Our correspondent says:

About meridian, on July 27, the imperial yacht, *Queen Hortense*, appeared off the western entrance of the harbor and steamed rapidly in to receive the ovation that had been preparing for her. The three French iron-clads, the *Magenta* (Flag-ship), the *Magnanimo*, and the *Flandre*, anchored on either beam, were connected by a chain of boats, with tossed oars and the crews standing up. Inside this line were the rest of the French fleet. Our vessels were to the left of the French, anchored in three lines, and consisted of the *Franklin* (Flag-ship), *Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, *Savannah*, *Macedonian*, and *Dale*. All the vessels had their yards manned, and were dressed from truck to sky yard-arm with bunting, and the fortifications around the harbor displayed the national ensign.

The yacht steamed in, the Empress on deck and the imperial ensign flying overhead, down past the chain of boats, around the *Franklin's* stern, and came to anchor astern of the *Magenta*. From the moment the yacht entered the harbor until late in the afternoon fleets and forts poured forth their noisy notes of welcome, while the welkin rang with the French "Vive l'Imperatrice!" and the Yankee "Hurrah!" from the yards and decks of the two squadrons.

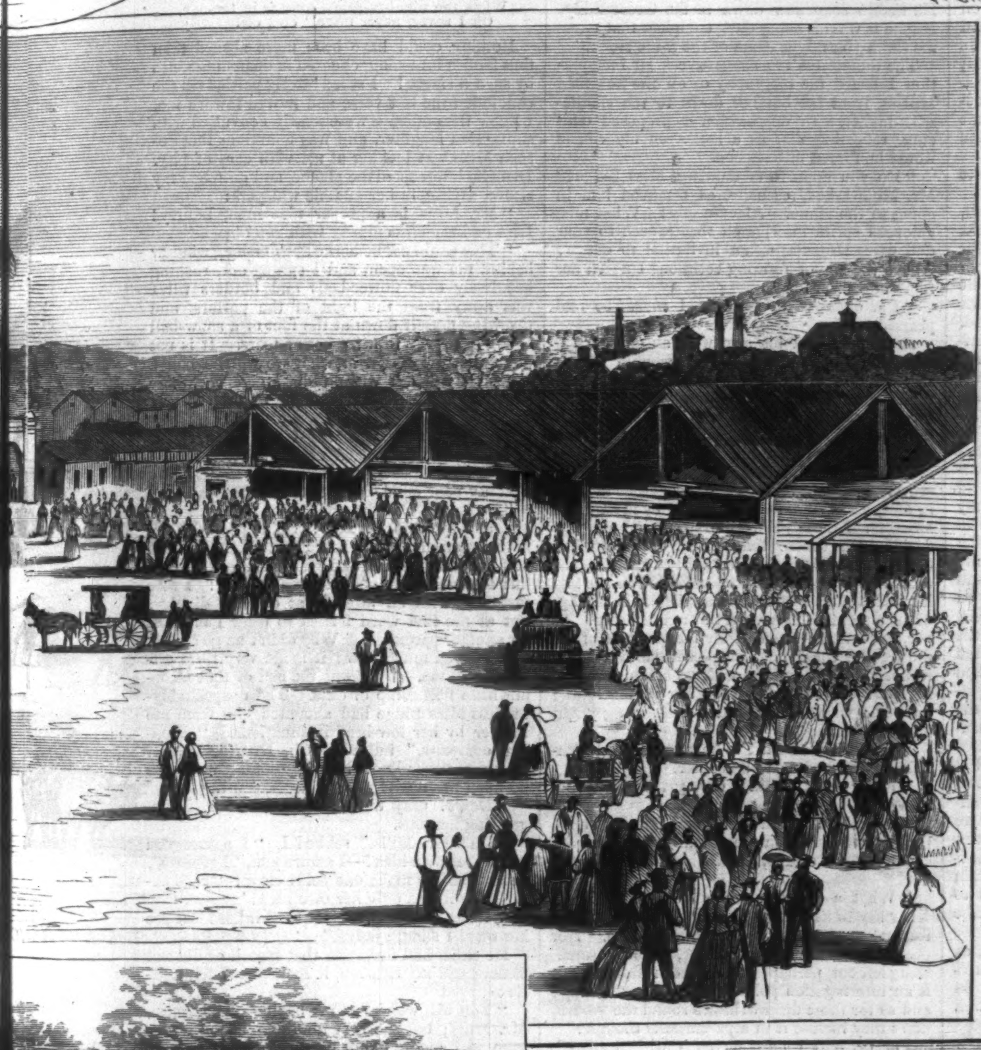
The Empress first visited the *Magenta*, when she was waited upon by Fleet-Captain W. E. Leroy, who invited Her Majesty to visit the Admiral's ship. In a little while two lines of boats were formed from the *Magenta* to our gangway, and the Empress was towed alongside in her state barge. She was received aboard by the officers in full uniform, with the marine guard drawn up on the port side of the quarter-deck, the drums rolling off, and the band pouring forth the strains of "Partant pour la Syrie." The Empress was attended by her suite, consisting of the chief "dame d'honneur" the Countess of Bassano, the Empress's two nieces and nephew, children of the Duke of Alba, the demoiselle d'honneur Mlle. Marion, M. de Cosse Brissac, Chamberlain, Rear-Admiral De Dompierre d'Hornoy, and several officers of the imperial yacht. The Empress seemed very much pleased with every thing she saw aboard; and I can vouch that *we* were charmed with her sweet expression and affability.

After she visited the *Franklin* she made the tour of the Arsenal Asbon, and in the evening entertained some distinguished guests aboard her yacht, among whom were Captain A. M. Pennock, of the *Franklin*, and Fleet-Captain Leroy. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, while the vessels in the harbor were one blaze of light. The rigging, masts, and spars were plainly distinct in the light, while the hulls of the ships themselves were pencilled out in lines of fire. At 10 P.M. the bands commenced to play, and the night-air was resonant with sweet harmony. This, added to the "*hurrahs*" of the men, and the brilliant bursting of rockets, and the burning of colored fires, made the night one long to be remembered in the strong-hold of Cherbourg.

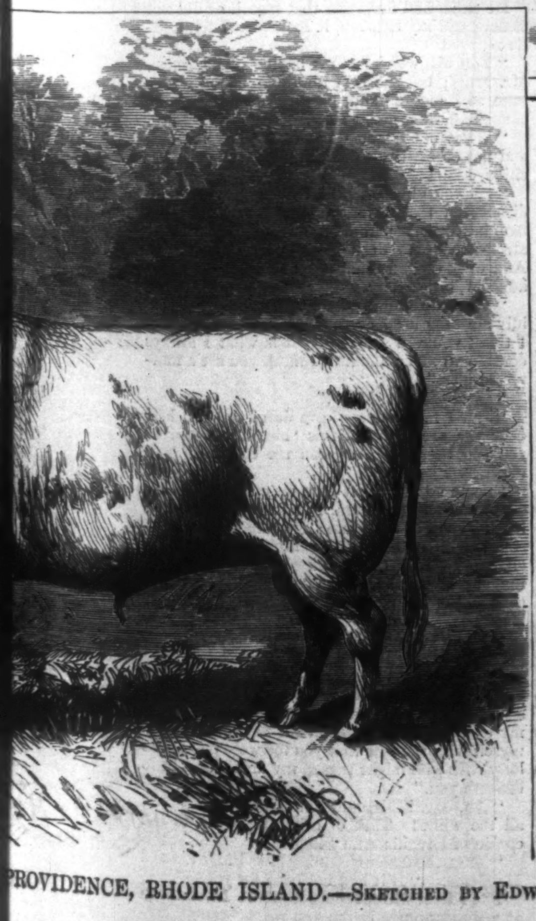


THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT NARRAGANSET PARK, PR

Spanish Merinos.



South Downs



Short-Horned Cows.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—Sketched by Edwin Forbes.—[See Page 602.]

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Little Rhode Island, in spite of her comparatively sterile soil, and her long continued and constant devotion to manufactures and manufacturing interests, has been lately indulging herself in one of those specialties of her more agriculturally disposed neighbors, an agricultural fair on a grand scale. The little State has an Agricultural Society of her own, and devotes some portion of her sandy and rocky soil to growing "garden truck," but she does not really devote herself in earnest to agriculture; she grows hardly enough corn and wheat to feed her own numerous mechanics; and the Fair at Providence, at which all the rest of New England has been making a display of the horses and cows and bullocks and sheep and swine and poultry, is a sort of international affair, in which Rhode Island plays the part of France—Providence is Paris, and Senator Sprague is cast for the part of the "Little Napoleon."

Each State of New England has its special Agricultural Society, as has, indeed, each State of the Union; but the six New England States have an association known as the "New England Agricultural Society," and to which all citizens of each State are eligible, and to the displays of which each of the several States contribute. An annual fair is held in the capital of one of the six States; this year the point selected was Providence, Rhode Island. The grounds, on which the fair was held, are the private property of Senator Sprague, but they have been long open to the public, and have been called "Narragansett Park." Illustrating at once the manufacturing spirit and wealth of Rhode Island, and the generous support extended to the Society by Mr. Sprague in giving the use of his park, Dr. George B. Loring, the President of the New England Society, called the park the "play-ground of one of Rhode Island's manufacturers."

The illustrations which we give on pages 600 and 601 will better show the character of the display made than can be done by mere description in words. The centre of the cut represents the Fair grounds looking toward the entrance; and the various figures around it represent the prize animals. Among the sheep which were shown were fine specimens of the Merino, Cotswold, Cashmere, and South Down; and the Short Horns and fat oxen were very splendid animals. Dr. Loring, in his speech, stated that the collection of animals on the grounds showed that the care and intelligence devoted to the breeding of cattle in New England was almost unequaled on the continent.

The Fair began on September 3, and lasted until the evening of the 5th.

COUSIN DRUZILLA'S TRUNK.

Somewhere in the length and breadth of the land there may live a plainer woman than my cousin, Druzilla Pidge; but if such a miserable individual exist I have been spared her acquaintance. Miss Pidge is not one of the legion of unfortunate people who arouse the sympathies by their pitiful deformity; but she has a certain upright, downright ugliness of visage that I never saw equaled. Yet my cousin has the blessing of perfect health. Her cheeks, and, for that matter, all her features inclusive, bloom with perpetual roses; and there is about her withal an air of durability which makes it utterly impossible to think of her as subject to the changes and illnesses common to us mortals.

It was this same Druzilla, a cousin in the remotest degree, who appeared to me one bright morning in June, as with rolling-pin in my hands and crimping-pins in my hair I was making pastry for that evening's party. I heard the door-bell ring in the deepest recesses of the pantry, and felt a sudden chill creep over me, though at the moment I believed some aristocratic soap-man or importunate peddler was seeking admission. To the very wire she seemed to have imparted something of her own unflinching zeal and disagreeable persistency. The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, so with a rueful consciousness of my bristling hair I answered the summons myself; and there on the front door-step stood Cousin Druzilla.

"How do you do, cousin?" I began; not that I really cared much just then *how* she did. But she cut short my greeting by exclaiming, in agonized tones,

"Laurry, I've lost my trunk!"

And seizing my hand as though it had been a lever to raise her from her misfortunes, she went on, drawing in her breath in gasps between the explosive sentences:

"It's my big black leather one with D. A. P. (Druzilla Ann Pidge, you know), in brass nails on the front. And I took and put all my best clothes into that trunk! There's my silk-velvet cape and changeable silk that I've had these ten years, for't I know, and not a brack in 'em! I sot my life by *them*. And my Dunstable bunnit that's only been done over twict. I wouldn't lose Grandsir Swiggins's rheumatiz liniment for the world, and that's in the led along o' my hair-oil. Oh dear!"

And Cousin Druzilla seated herself tragically like one bereft of all earthly hope.

"Then you didn't check your baggage?"

By way of reply my cousin wearily removed her left-hand cotton glove, revealing a check.

"What does that brass thing amount to?" said she, pathetically. "Why, Laurry, the up-train shifts over here at Camden and they change the baggage; but in the hurly-ba-loo they forgot my trunk!"

"How do you know they did, cousin?"

"Why, I watched with all my eyes. If it had been on the wheel-barrow don't you think I'd have seen it?"

"Perhaps not. You need have taken no trouble about it. All you had to do was to walk across the platform and change cars for Scarfield with the rest of the passengers. With that check in your pocket you are not responsible for your trunk. No doubt, cousin, it is on its way home this minute."

Druzilla shook her head till its fringe of short curls danced in despair.

"Why, Laurry Hammond, don't you know women folks will get imposed upon if they ain't on the look-out? It's Grandsir Swiggins's advice to me, 'Never get ahead of your baggage, Druzilly;' so I just asked the man with the wheel-barrow, 'Where's my trunk?' Says he, 'It's all right,' pointing with his finger to the Scarfield track. I was ready to burst out crying, but I looked up as chirk as I could, and says I, 'I suppose you calculate to be an honest man, but the best of us will make mistakes. How long do we wait here?' 'About five minutes,' he said. 'Well,' says I, 'I've got a cousin living here in Camden, and seeing as there's some mistake wouldn't you stop over till the afternoon train? And then if I don't find that trunk my name ain't Druzilla Ann Pidge.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He only laughed, Laurry, as if he consaited 'twas very queer I should set such a valley on my trunk. Why, just you think," continued my poor cousin, crushing back the tears, "there's my white crêpe shawl and purple satin scarf, and—"

Druzilla began counting up her worldly possessions on her fingers. I waited till she came the second time to the thumb of her left hand and then I interrupted her.

"Cousin Druzilla," said I, "let us both go to the dépôt and make another search."

I had no doubt her innocent baggage was rolling along to Scarfield in a perfectly orthodox manner; but the poor dear soul was in trouble and needed sympathy—I would not desert her for the world. Still I was a little annoyed. Here was I with a party on my hands, and my mother suddenly called away by the illness of a friend. I was wretchedly tired by my unwonted experiments in pastry, for our cook had taken occasion to wound herself with the carving-fork and was in mortal fear of the lock-jaw, though, by-the-way, that did not prevent her from talking incessantly, sending me up stairs and down in search of materials for poultice and salve. But tired or not, here was Druzilla requiring attention. She was anxious to get home to Scarfield in the afternoon train, and, remembering my party, perhaps I was not altogether unselfish in trying to help her away.

After dinner accordingly we sallied forth, my cousin arrayed in a green figured silk, which had first begun its duties as a dress years before on its wearer's twenty-fifth birthday. Over this, and with a series of eddies and ripples at the neck, lay her high-colored shawl, surmounted by a blue bonnet with an aspiring bow perched upon the top. Thus attired, with a yarn carpet-bag on one arm and a green umbrella under the other, with anxious face yet determined air Druzilla entered the dépôt with me. We gave considerable annoyance to the busy officials, but finally obtained the key to the baggage-room, where we vigorously overturned boxes and bundles in search of the precious trunk, which we afterward learned was at that very moment at the Scarfield dépôt awaiting Druzilla's appearance. In the midst of our exertions the train arrived, and, in spite of my frantic efforts to hurry my cousin, it steamed away again before she was ready to give up the search.

"Well," said Miss Pidge, philosophically, as I watched in agony the retreating cars, "there's no great harm done. I've been a-lotting on making you a visit, Laurry, and I might as well do it now."

"Yes," said I, faintly, thinking of my party and the sensation she would make among my guests. And Joseph Mills would be sure to come. I cared more for his good opinion, I will confess, than for that of any other man living; and what would he, a person of cultivation and native refinement, think of the countrified Druzilla, and of me for having such a cousin? I knew nothing of his antecedents, for he had come to Camden a stranger, but I felt instinctively that his family-tree bore nothing but grafts, or, at any rate, no common fruit like this. One could see by his small hands and feet and his dignified bearing that he came of an aristocratic race. Probably his cousins to the sixteenth remove were pinks of perfection. It was in vain to reason that he was a man of sense, and that my social position, as daughter of one of the leading citizens of Camden, was secure. Cousin Druzilla stood before me an embodied mortification, and argument was useless.

"Seems to me you're rather low-spirited," said Druzilla, as we walked homeward.

"Oh no, only thinking about a little company I am to have to-night. I'm sorry they are to come this evening, sorry on your account, Cousin Druzilla, you must be very tired. Perhaps," added I, timidly, "you would like to retire early rather than meet so many strangers?"

But no, she was not fatigued at all. She should be "real glad," she said, "to have something to take up her mind, she was so anxious about her trunk." Poor distracted soul! I might have been willing she should "take up her mind" in any way that pleased her, had she not taken up my own also. If she could only sprain her ankle slightly, just enough to make her invisible for the evening! Or if Mr. Mills might be detained to make out somebody's will! But none of these things were to be. My cousin if not fleet was very sure-footed, and as for Mr. Mills, he was evidently not over-hurried with lawyer's cares, for he came among the first. I began heroically to introduce him to Miss Pidge.

"Laurry's cousin, you know," explained Druzilla. "How do you do, Mr. Mills? You look as if you enjoyed poor health. Depend upon it your liver is out of order. Don't you think yellow-dock—"

I hurried her away before she could finish the prescription; but I could not prevent her giving other medical advice to several different individuals. They might reasonably have inferred that she was a female physician from some benighted region, or a hospital nurse taking her first peep at society. How were they to know she was the Lady Bountiful of Scarfield, and really one of the salt of the earth?

And, as if to make herself the more conspicuous, she spoke in a very high key. Being herself a little deaf (or as she expressed it, "thick of hearing"), she seemed to imagine every body else must be so too, and it was quite impossible to engage in general conversation with her shrill voice perpetually ringing above all the rest. Looking over some engravings with Mr. Dalzelle at the centre-table, I could distinctly hear my cousin catechising Mr. Mills in the other parlor.

"Be you any relation to the Millses in Scarfield?"

Mr. Mills thought not, or so I interpreted the motion of his head.

"Abner was originally born in these parts. He makes soap now down to the Great Eddy. Maybe it was his being dark complect that made me think you might come of the same stock."

The theme was too suggestive. In imagination I heard the biography of all the Scarfield Millses, from the butcher down to the candle-stick-maker. In desperation I proposed dancing, reflecting that as a looker-on my cousin would be forced into silence.

"Do you approve of dancing, Miss Pidge?" Mr. Mills asked, casually, as I passed him in going to the piano. Alack-a-day! What mischievous sprite interpreted that speech to your dull ears, Druzilla, as an invitation to dance? Above the stir of forming cotillions I heard her reply in clarion tones:

"I'm obleeged to you, Sir, I *should* be real pleased to!"

And she seized his arm with an energy and promptness of action worthy a woman of the Revolution. For one instant Mr. Mills looked mystified, as if at a loss to know what she would "be pleased" to do; but the next he was politely leading her to her place in the set. There was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as they met mine; but his mouth was preternaturally grave. I did not venture another glance at him, in fact, I was completely absorbed by my Cousin Druzilla. Literally she "had the floor," and was decidedly the centre of attraction. Conscientious even in dancing, she spared neither exertion nor even time in taking each separate step as she had learned it, and if she made a mistake in the figure she perseveringly went through it again. As her movements were entirely independent of the music, she could not help occasionally coming rather rudely in contact with others in spite of her partner's efforts to keep her in place, and once she narrowly escaped overthrowing slight Kitty Dalton.

"There, I'm afraid I've hurt you," cried Druzilla, stopping short to apologize.

"Never mind," said Kitty, gathering up her torn dress.

But my cousin did mind, and kneeling upon the floor to ascertain the extent of the mishap, succeeded, of course, in breaking up the cotillion.

"What a comical genius she is!" I heard Kitty say to her partner, Harry Downs. "Her features remind me of punctuation marks. Her eyebrows are shaped like carets, denoting something left out, perhaps brains; her retroussé nose is an interrogation point tipped the wrong way; and as for those deep wrinkles round the mouth, don't they inclose it in a parenthesis though?"

For my part I most fervently wished Druzilla's whole person had been inclosed in a parenthesis, for then she could have been "omitted," as the spelling-book says, "without injuring the sense." Would the evening never end? My cheeks were burning, my head aching, and my throat was dry and parched. Supper was yet to come; what might not my cousin do? Mr. Mills escorted me to the dining-room, giving Druzilla his other arm. I inwardly thanked him for devoting himself to her so exclusively; for I could not trust my voice, and was glad to be as quiet as the duties of hostess would permit. He harangued to such purpose that she was silent for some moments, with the exception of an occasional ejaculation of "Do tell!" or "How you talk!"

But farewell to cream-cakes! May they never grace my table more! My unsophisticated cousin, unconscious of their soft-hearted nature, broke one open, dripped the contents over Mr. Mills's coat-sleeve, and exclaimed, in deep disgust:

"Why, Laurry, this cake's all raw in the middle! You'd orter tried it with a knittin'-needle 'fore you took it out of the oven!"

I bore that like a martyr; but I did wince a little when she uttered a loud exclamation of surprise at her first taste of ice-cream, nudging Mr. Mills with her elbow to inquire if it were "wholesome," and confiding to him her fear that such bilious people as he ought to abstain from "cold victuals like that." I can not conceive why the man's clear brown complexion should have seemed so sickly in her eyes; but she evidently looked upon him as a candidate for medicine.

"As I was saying a spell ago—Did you ever try yellow-dock root and thoroughwort, half and half, simmered down in molasses? That would be complete for you, and clear your skin so't you wouldn't look like the same man!"

Mr. Mills thanked her politely for her gratuitous advice.

"'This also can be borne,'" I whispered to myself, perfectly conscious that I must sink under a very little more pressure. It came in time. We had adjourned to the parlors, and listened to good music—grand marches, dreamy waltzes, sparkling redowas—the musical of the party taking by turns a part in the entertainment; and then we glided into songs—solos, duets, and choruses. The company were taking breath after a spirited chorus, when roguish Kitty Dalton asked,

"Miss Pidge, you play, of course?"

"On the accordeon," answered Druzilla.

"But you sing?"

Ah! Kitty, was that well done in you?

"Well," replied Druzilla, modestly, "I do my own singing."

"Oh, then, you will favor us with a song!" urged the thoughtless Kitty.

"I don't justly know 's I'd better," said Druzilla, clearing her throat energetically. "I'm kind o' hoarsed up."

Kitty was about to insist quite unnecessarily, for Miss Pidge had already struck an attitude, and with neck protruding like that of an anxious camel on Sahara, and with eyes turned heavenward, she began to sing, with stentorian voice:

"Roll on, silver moon,
Guide the traveler his way,
While the night-in-gale's song *is* in too-oon,
Oh I never, never more," etc., etc.

Nothing could have been more absurd than that foolish love-song, chanted in deafening notes by such a singer! I stood utterly palsied till she concluded the last verse and moved toward me. I knew the audience were nearly convulsed with suppressed laughter, and was conscious that Joseph Mills was looking at me with eyes of pity. Druzilla intercepted the glance, and clutched my sleeve, saying, in her audible whispers:

"Mr. Mills is a proper nice man, Laurry! Isn't he keeping company with you?"

"This could *not* be borne!" The long window behind me was open, and I sprang out, rushing heedlessly over flower-beds and borders till I was away from the light of the parlors, and throwing myself down at the foot of a snow-ball tree I gave way to a freshet of tears. It is not often that I indulge in what we women call a "good cry;" but when I do, I give my whole attention to it—an earthquake would scarcely interrupt me.

This, I suppose, was why I was unconscious of Mr. Mills's approach till he startled me by saying, in the gentlest tones:

"My poor child, don't take it so to heart!"

The idea! Caught crying like a silly school-girl, and by this of all men! So he had seen my ignominious flight, had heard that polished speech of Cousin Druzilla's, and had come out here to find me buried in a pocket-handkerchief! I rose instantly, with an attempt at queenly dignity, but at the first word I tried to utter I brought on another paroxysm. Why didn't he go? Not that I cared much now; it made very little difference to me. This was the end of that pleasant little friendship of ours. The unspeakably-tactless Miss Pidge had alienated him from me forever by her low-bred insinuations. "Keeping company," indeed! Oh, Druzilla Pidge, may you never know how I ground your name between my teeth!

"Don't! pray don't!" entreated Mr. Mills, growing nervous.

"Oh! Mr. Mills," sobbed I, "I assure you it was her own idea!—I assure you," I repeated, determined to make one point clear; "I do assure you it was only her own idea!"

"What was her own idea? All her ideas are her own, I should judge."

He either had forgotten that speech or did not understand my allusion, it seemed. I felt a little relieved.

"You will wonder at my having such a guest, Mr. Mills; but she isn't idiotic and she isn't insane, so I couldn't shut her up, you know. She came, and what could I do?"

"What could you do? Just what you did, and not otherwise. We all understood your position, Laura?"

"Oh you did, Mr. Mills? And you have all discovered that I have some horrid relations hanging over me like the sword of Damocles, always ready to drop down without warning! And what do you think of me and my cousins?" added I, bitterly.

"What do I think of you?" returned he, rapidly stroking my hair the wrong way. "Why, I think you're a saint! That is what I always considered you; and now I think you are a martyr besides."

"Oh don't, Mr. Mills!"

"But I might never have dared tell you how dear you are to me if this 'horrid relation,' as you call her, had not given me courage. Tell me, may I go on?"

I made no reply, but he went on all the same.

"Your father, Laura, is a Judge, one of the leading men of the State; my father is a blacksmith, with nothing to recommend him but his good right arm and anvil. You were bred in luxury; I was the child of poverty. I am not ashamed of my birth; but it is said your father is an aristocrat, and—"

"There you do him injustice," said I, warmly. "He honors worth; he respects *you*."

"Laura," said Mr. Mills, eagerly, "choose your words. You don't know what hope you inspire! How often have I striven to overcome my ever-increasing attachment for you, goading myself with the fear that you too were one of the lofty ones who might regard my family as a little beneath you."

"Ah, Mr. Mills, and you seeming so proud all the while! Talk of aristocracy, Sir, to the cousin of Druzilla Ann Pidge!"

"Transcendently charming Miss Pidge!" cried Mr. Mills. "If it had not been for you—"

The reader will see the situation. I was taken at a disadvantage in the first place—caught crying. I ought to have been reserved and proper,

and hard to persuade; but I had so little self-possession that I was merely natural. Of course the consequence was we were engaged in a very few minutes, and Mr. Mills dipped his own handkerchief into the fountain that gushes out of the centre flower-bed, and himself wiped my eyes in order to make me presentable. Then I went back to my company with pink eyelids. But I was sure I managed very well; and when Mr. Mills came in five minutes afterward by a side-window we met as woodenly as a couple of chairs. I thought at the time we were both profoundly sly; but Kitty has told me since she read it all at a glance; but then Kitty is so sharp! At any rate, I got through the remainder of the evening victoriously, and smiled my visitors out of the door with a light heart, not at all dismayed to hear my cousin say to them one by one, with true country hospitality:

"Do stop to Scarfield if you ever pass that way! I keep house for Grandsire Swiggins, just this side of the Great Eddy. We should both be real pleased to see you, and so would Nathan's wife—she's a widow, bed-rid with the spine-complaint."

Joseph actually wished to invite this excellent soul to our wedding. "But for her dropping in at my party," he said, "there might have been no wedding at all."

Then I said, "But for her *trunk* there would have been no Druzilla at the party; and if he would go back to first causes he might send an invitation to the trunk."

He was overawed (this was before we were married, you know!). And as for me, I contented myself with sending Cousin Druzilla my largest piece of wedding-cake.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER VI.

RIDING THE HIGH HORSE.

NEVER, in his brightest dreams, had Valentine Hawkehurst imagined the stream of life so fair and sunny a river as it seemed to him now. Fortune had treated him so scurvily for seven-and-twenty years of his life, only to relent of a sudden and fling all her choicest gifts into his lap.

"I must be the prince in the fairy tale who begins life as a revolting animal of the rhinoceros family, and ends by marrying the prettiest princess in Elfindom," he said to himself, gayly, as he paced the broad walks of Kensington Gardens, where the bare trees swung their big black branches in the wintry blast, and the rooks cawed their loudest at close of the brief day.

What, indeed, could this young adventurer demand from benignant Fortune above and beyond the blessings she had given him? The favored suitor of the fairest and brightest woman he had ever looked upon, received by her kindred, admitted to her presence, and only bidden to serve a due apprenticeship before he claimed her as his own forever. What more could he wish? what further boon could he implore from the Fates?

Yes, there was one thing more—one thing for which Mr. Hawkehurst pined, while most thankful for his many blessings. He wanted a decent excuse for separating himself most completely from Horatio Paget. He wanted to shake himself free from all the associations of his previous existence. He wanted to pass through the waters of Jordan, and to emerge purified, regenerate, leaving his garments on the furthermost side of the river; and, with all other things appertaining to the past, he would fain have rid himself of Captain Paget.

"'Be sure your sin will find you out,'" mused the young man; "and having found you, be sure that it will stick to you like a leech, if your sin takes the shape of an unprincipled acquaintance, as it does in my case. I may try my hardest to cut the past, but will Horatio Paget let me alone in the future? I doubt it. The bent of that man's genius shows itself in his faculty for living upon other people. He knows that I am beginning to earn money regularly, and has begun to borrow of me already. When I can earn more he will want to borrow more; and although it is very sweet to work for Charlotte Halliday, it would not be by any means agreeable to slave for my friend Paget. Shall I offer him a pound a week, and ask him to retire into the depths of Wales or Cornwall, amend his ways, and live the life of a repentant hermit? I think I could bring myself to sacrifice the weekly sovereign, if there were any hope that Horatio Paget could cease to be—Horatio Paget, on this side the grave. No, I have the misfortune to be intimately acquainted with the gentleman. When he is in the swim, as he calls it, and is earning money on his own account, he will give himself cozy little dinners and four-and-sixpenny primrose gloves; and when he is down on his luck he will come whining to me."

This was by no means a pleasant idea to Mr. Hawkehurst. In the old days he had been distinguished by all the Bohemian's recklessness, and even more than the Bohemian's generosity, in his dealings with friend or companion. But now all was changed. He was no longer reckless. A certain result was demanded from him as the price of Charlotte Halliday's hand, and he set himself to accomplish his allotted task with all due forethought and earnestness of purpose. He had need even to exercise restraint over himself, lest in his eagerness he should do too much, and so lay himself prostrate from the ill effects of overwork; so anxious was he to push on upon the road whose goal was so fair a temple, so light seemed that labor of love which was performed for the sake of Charlotte.

He communed with himself very often upon the subject of that troublesome question about Captain Paget. How was he to sever his frail skiff from that rakish privateer? What excuse could he find for renouncing his share in the Omega Street lodgings, and setting up a new home for himself elsewhere?

"Policy might prompt me to keep my worthy friend under my eye," he said to himself, "in order that I may be sure there is no underhand work going on between him and Philip Sheldon. But I can scarcely believe that Philip Sheldon has any inkling of the Haygarthian fortune. If he had he would surely not receive me as Charlotte's suitor. What possible motive could he have for doing so?"

This was a question which Mr. Hawkehurst had frequently put to himself; for his confidence in Mr. Sheldon was not of that kind which asks no questions. Even while most anxious to believe in that gentleman's honesty of purpose, he was troubled by occasional twinges of unbelief.

During the period which had elapsed since his return from Yorkshire he had been able to discover nothing of any sinister import from the proceedings of Captain Paget. That gentleman appeared to be still engaged upon the promoting business, although by no means so profitably as heretofore. He went into the City every day, and came home in the evening toilworn and out of spirits. He talked freely of his occupation—how he had done much, or done nothing, during the day; and Valentine was at a loss to perceive any further ground for the suspicion that had arisen in his mind after the meeting at the Ullerton station, and the shuffling of the sanctimonious Goodge with regard to Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth's letters.

Mr. Hawkehurst therefore determined upon boldly cutting the knot that tied him to the familiar companion of his wanderings.

"I am tired of watching and suspecting," he said to himself. "If my dear love has a right to this fortune, it will surely come to her; or if it should never come we can live very happily without it. Indeed, for my own part, I am inclined to believe that I should be prouder and happier as the husband of a dowerless wife than as prince-consort to the heiress of the Haygarths. We have built up such a dear, cheery, unpretentious home for ourselves in our talk of the future, that I doubt if we should care to change it for the stateliest mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens or Belgrave Square. My darling could not be my housekeeper, and make lemon-cheesecakes in her own pretty little kitchen, if we lived in Belgrave Square; and how could she stand at one of those great Birmingham iron-work gates in the Palace Gardens to watch me ride away to my work?"

To a man as deeply in love as Mr. Hawkehurst the sordid dross which other people prize so highly is apt to become daily more indifferent; a kind of color-blindness comes over the vision of the true lover, and the glittering yellow ore seems only so much dull vulgar earth, too mean a thing to be regarded by any but the mean of soul. Thus it was that Mr. Hawkehurst relaxed his suspicion of Captain Paget, and neglected his patron and ally of Gray's Inn, much to the annoyance of that gentleman, who tormented the young man with little notes demanding interviews.

These interviews had of late been far from agreeable to either of the allies. George Sheldon urged the necessity of an immediate marriage; Valentine declined to act in an underhand manner, after the stock-broker's unexpected generosity.

"Generosity?" echoed George Sheldon, when Valentine had given him this point-blank refusal at the close of a stormy argument. "Generosity! My brother Phil's generosity! Egad, that is about the best thing I've heard for the last ten years. If I pleased, Mr. Valentine Hawkehurst, I could tell you something about my brother which would enable you to estimate his generosity at its true value. But I don't please; and if you choose to run counter to me and my interests, you must pay the price of your folly. You may think yourself uncommonly lucky if the price isn't a stiff one."

"I am prepared to abide by my decision," answered Valentine. "Miss Halliday without a shilling is so dear to me that I don't care to commit a dishonorable action in order to secure my share of the fortune she may claim. I turned over a new leaf on the day when I first knew myself possessed of her affection. I don't want to go back to the old leaves."

George Sheldon gave himself an impatient shrug. "I have heard of a great many fools," he said; "but I never heard of a fool who would play fast-and-loose with a hundred thousand pounds, and until to-day I couldn't have believed there was such an animal."

Mr. Hawkehurst did not deign to notice this remark.

"Do be reasonable, Sheldon," he said. "You ask me to do what my sense of right will not permit me to do, and you ask me that which I fully believe to be impossible. I can not for a moment imagine that any persuasion of mine would induce Charlotte to consent to a secret marriage after your brother's fair and liberal conduct."

"Of course not," cried George, with savage impatience; "that's my brother Phil all over. He is so honorable, so plain and straightforward in all his dealings, that he would get the best of Lucifer himself in a bargain. I tell you, Hawkehurst, you don't know how deep he is—as deep as the bottomless pit, by Jove! His very generosity makes me all the more afraid of him. I don't understand his game. If he consented to your marriage in order to get rid of Charlotte he would let you marry her off-hand; but instead of doing that he makes conditions which must delay your marriage for years. There is the point that bothers me."

"You had better pursue your own course, without reference to me or my marriage with Miss Halliday," said Valentine.

"That is exactly what I must do. I can't leave the Haygarth estate to the mercy of Tom, Dick, and Harry, while you try to earn thirty pounds a month by scribbling for the magazines. I must make my bargain with Philip instead of with you, and I can tell you that you'll be the loser by the transaction."

"I don't quite see that."

"Perhaps not. You see, you don't quite understand my brother Phil. If this money gets into his hands be sure some of it will stick to them."

"Why should the money get into his hands?"

"Because, so long as Charlotte Halliday is under his roof, she is, to a certain extent, under his authority. And then, I tell you again, there is no calculating the depth of that man. He has thrown dust in your eyes already. He will make that poor girl believe him the most disinterested of mankind."

"You can warn her."

"Yes; as I have warned you. To what purpose? You are inclined to believe in Phil rather than to believe in me, and you will be so inclined to the end of the chapter. You remember that man Palmer, at Rugely, who used to go to church and take the sacrament?"

"Yes; of course I remember that case. What of him?"

"Why, people believed in him, you know, and thought him a jolly good fellow, up to the time when they discovered that he had poisoned a few of his friends in a quiet, gentlemanly way."

Mr. Hawkehurst smiled at the irrelevance of this remark. He could not perceive the connection of ideas between Palmer, the Rugely poisoner, and Philip Sheldon, the stock-broker. "That was an extreme case," he said.

"Yes; of course that was an extreme case," answered George, carelessly. "Only it goes far to prove that a man may be gifted with a remarkable genius for throwing dust in the eyes of his fellow-creatures."

There was no further disputation between the lawyer and Valentine. George Sheldon began to understand that a secret marriage was not to be accomplished in the present position of affairs.

"I am half inclined to suspect that Phil knows something about that money," he said, presently, "and is playing some artful game of his own."

"In that case your better policy would be to take the initiative," answered Valentine.

"I have no other course."

"And will Charlotte know—will she know that I have been concerned in this business?" asked Valentine, growing very pale all of a sudden. He was thinking how mean he must appear in Miss Halliday's eyes if she came to understand that he had known her to be John Haygarth's heiress at the time he won from her the sweet confession of her love. "Will she ever believe how pure and true my love has been if she comes to know this?" he asked himself, despairingly, while George Sheldon deliberated in silence for a few moments.

"She need know nothing until the business comes to a head," replied George, at last. "You see, there may be no resistance on the part of the Crown lawyers; and, in that case, Miss Halliday will get her rights after a moderate amount of delay. But if they choose to dispute her claim it will be quite another thing—Halliday *versus* the Queen, and so on—with no end of swell Q.C.'s against us. In the latter case you'll have to put all your adventures at Ullerton and Huxter's Cross into an affidavit, and Miss H. must know every thing."

"Yes; and then she will think—ah, no; I do not believe she can misunderstand me, come what may."

"All doubt and difficulty might be avoided if you would manage a marriage on the quiet off-hand," said George.

"I tell you again that I can not do that; and that, even if it were possible, I would not attempt it."

"So be it. You elect to ride the high horse; take care that magnificent animal doesn't give you an ugly tumble."

"I can take my chance."

"And I must take my chance with that brother of mine. The winning cards are all in my own hand this time, and it will be uncommonly hard if he gets the best of me."

On this the two gentlemen parted. Valentine went to look at a bachelor's lodging in the neighborhood of the Edgware Road, which he had seen advertised in that morning's *Times*; and George Sheldon started for Bayswater, where he was always sure of a dinner and a liberal allowance of good wine from the hospitality of his prosperous kinsman.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"FOUR hundred and fifty men in New York who earn their livelihood solely by decoying fools to faro!" So it is stated. And surely there is need enough for a Society for the Suppression of Gambling when so many weak and foolish youths become the victims of knaves. Broken-hearted fathers and mothers, weary wives, and suffering sisters, mourn in secret places to-day over beloved ones who have been lured to destruction, and who, nightly, are sinking deeper and deeper in vice.

The poet teaches a lesson worth reading and remembering:

"Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasure in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth
Who rashly thus exposed his wealth?
Yet this you do whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

"Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space."

Said a "victim," who has, though withholding his name, made some of his experiences known through the medium of our city journals: "I tell you, I have seen at a faro-table what would make your blood run cold; and every night in the week at some altar of Satan or another there is some poor devil devotee revolving in his mind the shortest way to end his miserable life." Still further he speaks: "Boys of 13 years are gambling here every night. Where does the money come from? Where are they going to? Why, in the name of God, can't this be stopped?....The gambler who pays $2000 rent, and keeps wine and cigars, and has only broadcloth at his table, fears no authority in the Metropolitan District.....It is not the loss of money which troubles me. It is the fact that for so long I have given myself up to a vice which enslaves the soul, makes life unbearable, except where the click of the ivory chips is heard, and in nine cases out of ten drags the infatuated man down, down, down, lower and lower, until he becomes meaner than the meanest thief."

The Board of Health has numerous and powerful foes to battle against. It is a great work, and necessarily a somewhat slow one, to bring this immense city into a sanitary state. Recently an ingenious contrivance has been adoped by one of the large lime-making establishments in the city, whereby the noxious effluvia generated by the burning shells is deprived of its poisonous qualities. The top of the kiln was formerly exposed to the open air; but now a chimney or ventilator forms an avenue for the escape of the gases, and there is a reservoir of water at the top of it by means of which the vapor is made innocuous before escaping into the general atmosphere. Can not some power remove far distant or some ingenuity mitigate still-existing nuisances?

A school of large sharks recently made their appearance in the East River, near Fulton Ferry, and occasioned quite an excitement in the vicinity. One of them was caught, killed, and exhibited.

There is a Swan somewhere in Maine that weighs four hundred pounds. We remark in explanation that the above-mentioned is a graceful young lady (named Swan) of—probably—about seventeen summers.

A conscientious prophet, who announced that the world would come to an end this year, says he has made a mistake in the estimates, which, when corrected, will postpone the event a million of years.

A new method of procuring a night's lodging was lately tried in Worcester. A man, having sought in vain to procure a decent resting-place for the little money he had in his pocket, at length calmly smashed a street-lamp, and stood patiently by the side of the demolished lantern until a kind policeman took him to the station-house.

An agriculturist has tried with success the following method of making peaches grow without stones: "Turn the tops of the trees down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground, and fasten so with stakes; in a year or two these tops will take roots, and when well rooted cut off the branches connecting these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach-tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plums, cherries, and currants.

Not long since a conductor of one of the cars of the Belt Line Railroad remonstrated with some unruly passengers in his car, whereupon the rowdies threatened him with personal violence. It was evening, and as the disturbers remained in the car when it reached the terminus of the route, intending to take the return trip, the conductor applied to the "starter" for another man to be placed on the car with him. This, however, was not considered necessary. When about half-way up town the brutal gang attacked the conductor, and inflicted such severe injuries upon him that, after lingering in great distress for some days, he died. What a sad comment upon the law and order of our city!

The public schools of the city have re-opened after a vacation of seven weeks. There are over two hundred and fifty of these schools. About two thousand teachers are employed, and during the last year the total number of attendants was not far from 227,000.

An absent-minded individual at Terre Haute, Indiana, after smoking, the other day, put his pipe into his pocket with a package of powder. He was seen shortly after looking a good deal surprised, and inquiring for his coat-tail and a large piece of his pantaloons.

Salt Lake City is suffering under the plague of grasshoppers, which have literally "become a burden." The air is filled with them, and report says they have stripped the trees of foliage, and are eating the apples to their cores, and apricots and peaches to their stones.

We recently saw it stated, on undoubted authority, that a Sabbath-school teacher, in addressing his class, gave the following warning: "Boys, you ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a little boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't slowly fade and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put on his best hat!"

The Bankrupt Act has its patrons in Boston as well as elsewhere. At a restaurant in that city the other day a brisk, bustling waiter stepped up to a table where a quiet-looking individual had just finished lunching, and inquired:

"What have you had, Sir?"

"Had! I've had the stomach-ache like thunder eating your pies."

"I mean have you got a check, Sir?" said the waiter, fidgeting.

"No, nothing but currency," said the customer, opening a calf-skin wallet.

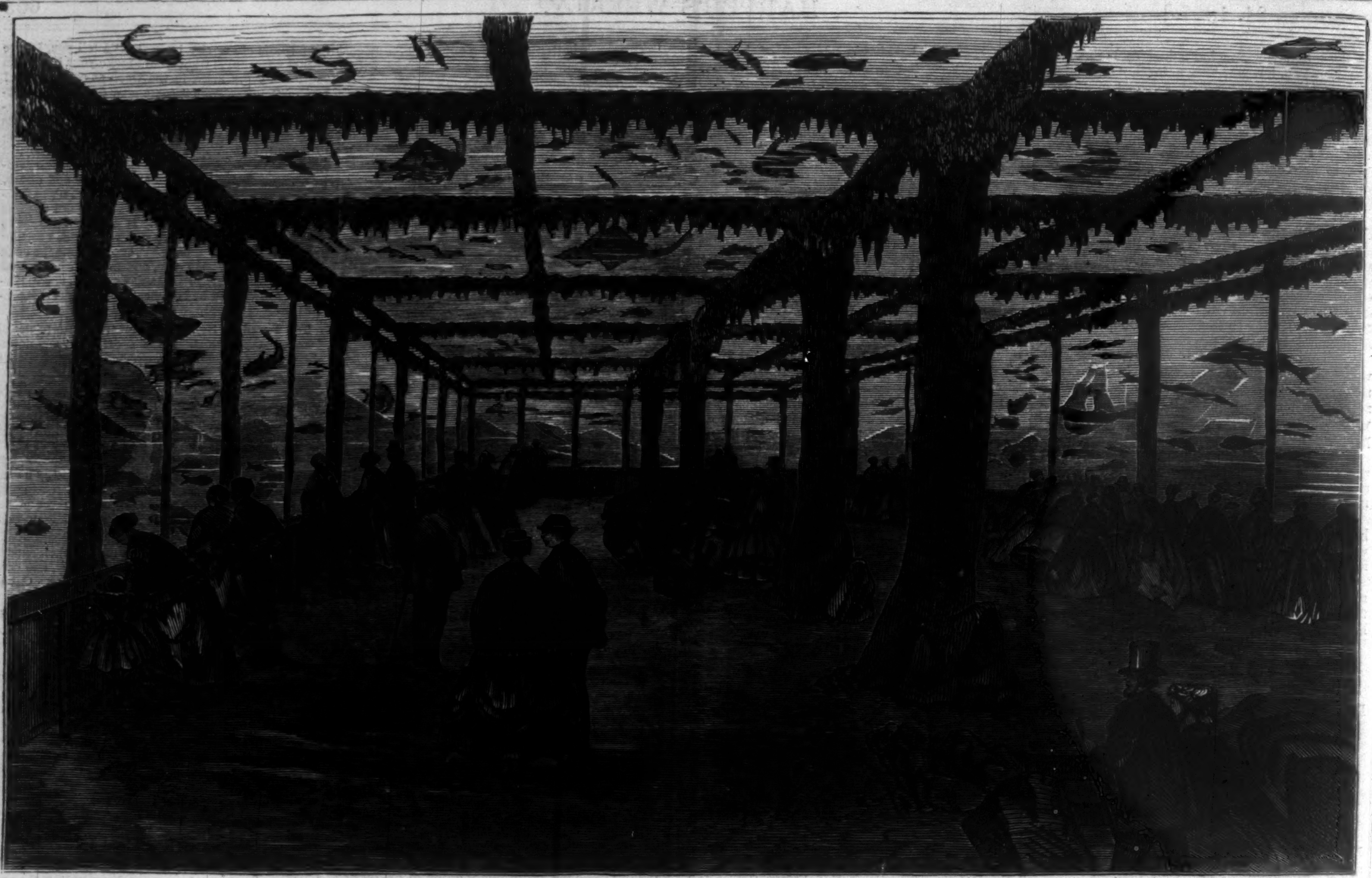
"I want to know what you have got to pay," said the attendant, loudly.

"Got to pay a note for five hundred dollars, and not a dollar yet," replied the imperturbable one.

The despairing waiter threw a "coming, Sir," at half a dozen impatient customers, and making a last effort, said, slowly, "H-o-w m-u-c-h are you going to pay?"

"Not a single cent; taken the benefit of the Bankrupt Act," said his tormentor, and, buttoning up his coat, he walked steadily out before the bewildered *garçon* could recover his senses.

A novel speculation of the Accidental Insurance character has been started in Buenos Ayres. A joint-stock hospital has been opened, to which subscribers who pay $1 20 in silver monthly are to be admitted free, and attended with the best medical skill in case of sickness or accident.



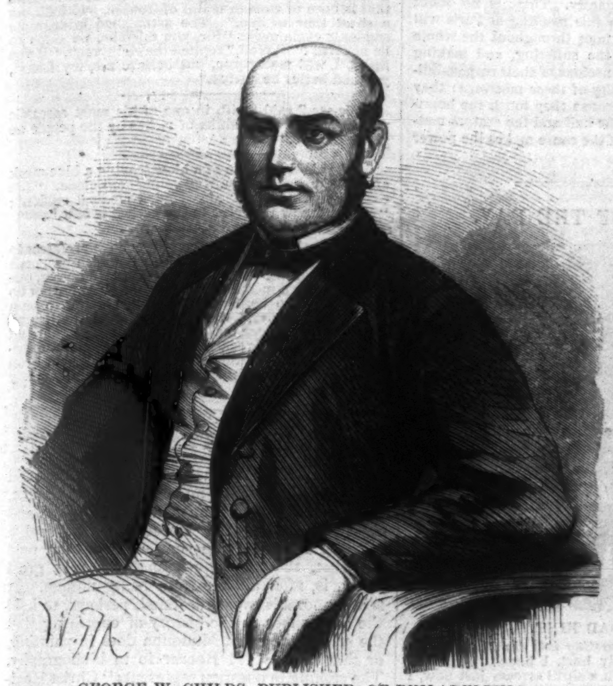
THE GRAND AQUARIUM IN THE EXPOSITION PARK AT PARIS.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT PARIS.

WE give on this page an engraving of the Grand Aquarium Maritime which has been erected in the park of the Universal Exposition at Paris, and which has been described as the most extensive and most elegant aquarium ever built. It is filled with salt-water and salt-water fish and molluscous animals, and with marine plants which keep the water pure. The largest aquarium hitherto attempted is that in the Zoological Garden, Regent's Park, London, which is 60 by 25 feet. The exact size of the one at Paris is not given, but it is several times larger than any other now in existence. The engraving will prove a sufficient description.

THE LUNCH ON THE HILL.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 606.]

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 606.]

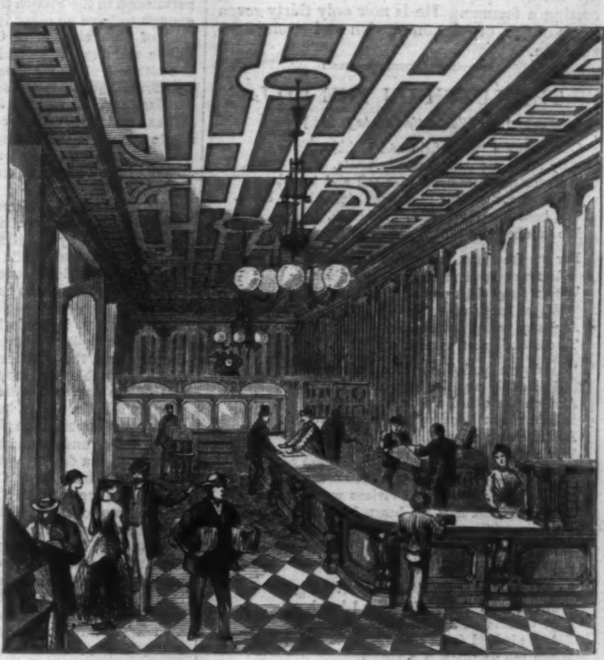


GEORGE W. CHILDS, PUBLISHER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"PUBLIC LEDGER" BUILDING.

WITHIN a little more than a decade of years a few of the publishers of this country have erected not less than half a dozen establishments which might justly be considered as palatial—the "Palaces of the Fourth Estate." In 1854, immediately after the destruction of their establishment by fire, HARPER & BROTHERS erected the extensive and complete fire-proof building in which their business is now conducted, and a full description of which was given in this paper some weeks since. TICKNOR & FIELDS at Boston look out upon Boston Common from a small but complete building admirably adapted to the necessities of their business. The New York *Times* association built some years ago a splendid establishment at the intersection of Nassau Street and Park Row; and it is a legend of journalism that the notoriety given the paper by the general publication of the fact that the building which its proprietors were erecting was to be the finest newspaper-publication office in the world had much to do with the firm establishment and prosperity of the paper itself. The *News* was in its later years the occupant of a marble front; and the *Herald* has lately gone into an imposing structure of stone and iron on Broadway, and boasts what is undoubtedly the finest composing-room in the country and probably in the world. Mr. DANA is remodeling Tammany Hall into a respectable newspaper office; and other daily and weekly sheets in this city are planning fine establishments which will be in their architecture at least a credit to the city. In Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago the same enterprising spirit is evinced, and the same signs of prosperity are visible in the existence of handsome buildings. Among the various establishments of this character, built and to be built, few equal in completeness and architectural beauty the publishing house of GEORGE W. CHILDS at Philadelphia, which we illustrate on this page.

This magnificent structure is on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. It was erected by Mr. DOBBINS from the plans of JOHN M'ARTHUR, Jun., architect, under the direction of Mr. CHILDS. Its dimensions are 84 feet on Chestnut and 165 feet on Sixth Street. It is of brown stone and iron, and is thoroughly fire-proof. It is 60 feet to the cornice; the handsome French or Mansard roof is 12 feet higher, and the dome 21 feet, while to the pen which surmounts the flag-staff, and serves as a vane, it is 150 feet from the sidewalk. The picture gives a better idea of the architecture than any description could.



BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

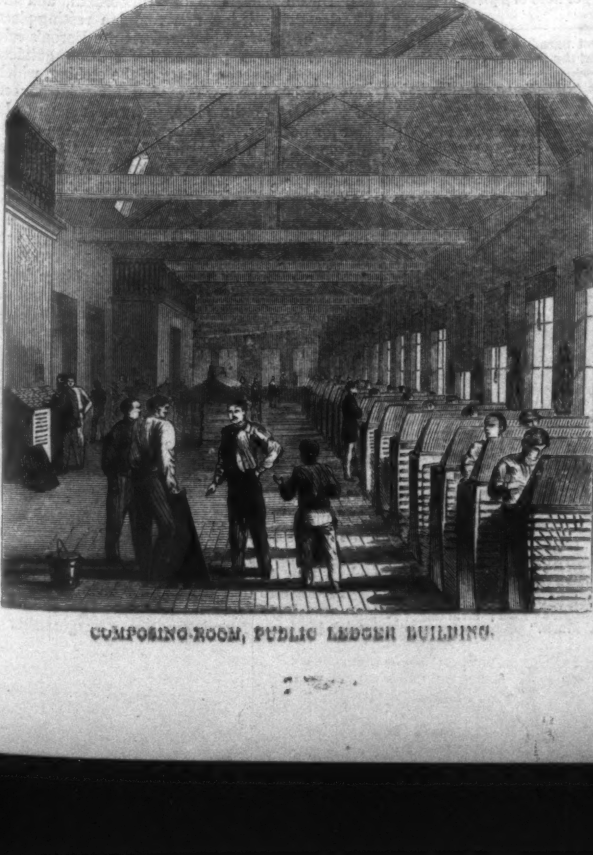
PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

Over the main door-way is a carving in light Brunswick stone of the coat-of-arms of Pennsylvania, with the inscription "Public Ledger," and the monogram "G. W. C." Above this, on the face of the middle dome, is another design, representing "Young America" resting upon clouds surrounding a globe, with a book of record before him, and lightning and the locomotive on either side. At the corner of the building is a beautiful column of stone 18 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of FRANKLIN, considered the best likeness in stone in existence. This and the other designs were cut by STRUTHERS & SON, from the models by the sculptor BAILY. The basement of the building contains the immense press-room, of an L shape and 9183 square feet of space. The ceiling of 24 feet is supported by fifteen large columns of rolled iron. The sketch was taken from the long covered gallery made for the accommodation of the carriers waiting for the paper. In this room are three of HOE's fast presses, ten folding-machines, a well with a never-failing spring, liberal allowance of wash-rooms, wardrobes, etc. The boiler-room is fitted up with two of HARRISON's boilers, each 50-horse power, steam-pump to lift the water to the tanks at the top of the house, and an engine of 66-horse power, a perfect model of mechanism.

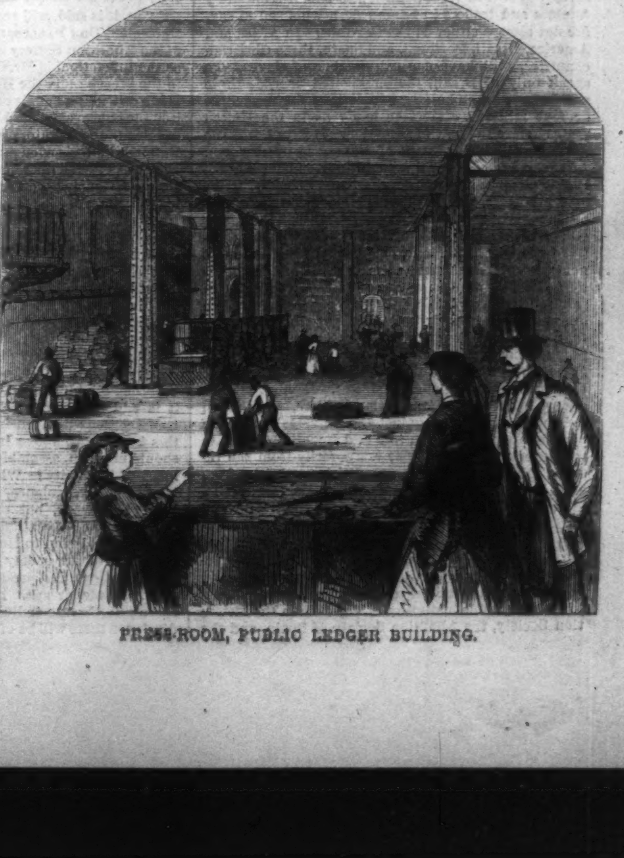
On the first story, which is supported by 167 tons of wrought iron columns, is the publication office, a room 60 by 23 feet, finished in massive style, ceiling and walls of black walnut and butternut paneling with mouldings of ebony. The floor is marble. From the ceiling depends three fine bronze chandeliers. The room is divided into the office proper, the cashier's, and private offices, separated by handsome plate glass and black walnut screens. Carved furniture and fixtures, Wilton carpets in blue and gold, gorgeous marbles, etc., are the decorations of the private office. A handsome Swiss clock marks the time.

On the second story is the book publication, *Ledger Home Weekly*, and *Publishers' Circular* office. The editorial rooms, which are in the third story, comprise four elaborately appointed apartments. Also on this floor is the job office, provided with HOE's, GORDON's, and ADAMS's presses, etc. The large composing-room shares with the foundery the fifth story; here, also, are the proof-readers' and night editors' departments. In every story there is hose connecting with the tanks on the top of the building.

Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the proprietor, was born in Baltimore, and is the architect of his own fortune. At fourteen years he went to Philadelphia, worked in a bookseller's store for four years, and then set up business for himself in a very modest way. In another year he was a partner of PETERSON & Co., afterward better known as the firm of CHILDS & PETERSON. Mr. PETERSON retiring, Mr. CHILDS was for a short time in partnership with LIPPINCOTT, and then went into business for himself on Chestnut Street, till, in 1864, he



COMPOSING-ROOM, PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.



PRESS-ROOM, PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

purchased the *Ledger* of Messrs. SWAIN & ABELL. Mr. CHILDS has established a paper-mill to supply his own paper—that and the new building costing a fortune. He is now only thirty-seven years of age, of fair complexion and strong constitution.

THE LUNCH ON THE HILL.

[*See Illustration on page 604.*]

O'ER many a turnip-field and stubble,
By many a patch of weedy waste,
We sportsmen tramped with toil and trouble,
Nor quenched our thirst, nor slacked our haste,
Till, bent like Æsop with his hunch,
We climbed the hill in search of lunch.

Far up the slope, just where the park
And woodland meet in close embrace—
Where ferny dells are deep and dark,
Where foxgloves grow in stately grace,
And shy young fawns the herbage crunch—
Two Houris met us with our lunch.

"I know a bank," one Houri said;
And deftly was the hamper emptied;
And on the sward a feast was spread
That might Lucullus' self have tempted;
And then we sat and sipped milk-punch,
While those two sirens served the lunch.

And after ——? Midst that sylvan scene,
Two Merlins with two Viviens we were;
And slow must beat his heart, I ween,
Who could against such sirens beware—
A bovine, fit the grass to munch,
If proof against such girls, such lunch.

So were not we; for when we left
The solemn shade of elm and beech
New threads were woven in Fate's weft,
And pledged for life was each to each;
While red as roses in a bunch
Blushed those dear girls who brought our lunch.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

[*See Illustration on page 604.*]

FORBIDDEN now—and yet from childhood's days,
Increasing with each year our love had grown;
It seems but yesterday those downcast eyes
Were wont with looks of love to meet mine own.

I left her in a quiet country home,
Free from the taint of fashionable life—
A gentle, truthful, simple-hearted girl,
Fair promise of a loving, faithful wife.

A soldier's duty called me to the field—
For three long years war kept me from her side;
But ere we parted, clinging to my heart,
She told her love, and vowed to be my bride.

Through all the hardships of a long campaign
I cherished as my life that parting vow;
I little thought that, when we met again,
My love would greet me as she greets me now.

Alas! I find that beauty such as hers
Ambitious parents knew could well be sold:
What was our love to them? An honest heart
Weighed a mere trifle when compared with gold.

She yielded to her mother's harsh command—
Those charms have found the noble price they sought;
An aged lord with title-deeds and wealth
Her beauty—not her loving heart—has bought.

In vain she coldly tries to shun my gaze;
I know she loves me still, although we part:
Poor girl! a coronet will scarce repay
The life-long sorrow of a broken heart.

Alas! the world of fashion oft can tell
Of perjured vows and honest love denied;
Of youth and beauty tied to feeble age,
To gratify a parent's selfish pride.

UNIVERSAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

APROPOS of and preliminary to the great abolition meeting which was held in Paris on August 26 and 27, EDOUARD LABOULAYE thus discourses in the *Revue Nationale* on the universal abolition of slavery, the principal object of the assemblage:

The disappearance of slavery in the United States is an event of such importance as to dazzle all beholders. It seems as if the last vestiges of slavery were effaced from the earth, and the sun shone no longer upon any but freemen. Unhappily this is not so. In the East slavery is still in vigor; the White Nile is scoured by hunters and traders in human flesh who, sad to say, are not always either Turks or Arabs. In Africa and America, Brazil, Portugal, and Spain, three Christian countries, still have a great number of slaves. To speak only of Brazil, the subjugated negroes there number more than half the population: there are three or four millions, almost as many as in the United States before the war of secession. It is true that the most formidable bulwark of slavery is overthrown. After the example set the world by North America it is difficult to believe that enlightened princes, intelligent ministers, will refuse to rid their countries of this consuming leprosy. The Emperor of Brazil, the young King of Portugal, and the Viceroy of Egypt have testified the best intentions, and have uttered the most generous promises, but in the interval of the execution of these promises millions of men are suffering in servitude; they will die slaves if the voices of the free are not raised in their favor, if disagreeable but useful men do not importune with their complaints and prayers those statesmen who too often ask only to live at peace, by doing to-day what they did yesterday; that is, maintaining ancient abuses. Emancipation is always a difficult work; the slaveholders, even though indemnified, cry out against the universal ruin; the new freedmen are often idle and sometimes violent; the general interests suffer temporarily from the reform; this is enough to arrest politicians who live from hand to mouth, unless public opinion casts its irresistible weight in the scale, and secures the triumph of justice and humanity.

It is for the purpose of acting on public opinion that the adversaries of slavery in all countries have resolved to convoke a National Conference at Paris in order to deal a last blow to slavery, and to put an end to an abominable institution. The British Emancipation Society, the Abolition Society of Spain, and the French Committee of Emancipation have taken advantage of the Exposition to meet at Paris and lay before the public the state of the question. With the permission of the French Government, which is happy enough to have no other interest in this matter than that of humanity, these Committees will hold two public meetings at Herz Hall, Rue Chantereine, on the 26th and 27th of August. On the first day it will be shown that the slave-trade still exists, and prevents civilization from making its way into the interior of Africa; and the condition of the slaves in Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Portuguese possessions will also be set forth; on the second day an account will be given of the results of emancipation in the United States.

In France we are not accustomed to these voluntary gatherings, where men of all tongues and countries assemble, moved by no other impulse than the love of justice, to interest public opinion in favor of a noble cause. Our previous Governments have always treated us like children, who gather together only to make mischief.

Nevertheless, it needs little reflection to see that there is no political danger in these assemblies; on the contrary, the questions discussed therein are so great and noble that they soar above the petty quarrels of the day, and unite on one subject minds divided in all else. What better means could be invented to teach opposing parties mutually to esteem each other, and to understand that politics do not separate them to such a degree as to prevent them from acting in concert whenever the interests of humanity and civilization are at stake? At these conferences there will be Americans, Englishmen, Spaniards, Brazilians, Frenchmen, and perhaps even Prussians; there will be Catholics, Episcopalians, Calvinists, and Quakers; there will be monarchists and republicans, radicals and conservatives; but on the question of slavery there will be only one opinion, and it will be demonstrated that there is a power of union in the depths of the human heart which rises above all differences. They will quarrel perchance to-morrow on a political question; but they will do so with the less bitterness for having fought under the same flag the day before, and feeling that they may be called to do so again on the morrow. If the meeting in Herz Hall succeeds in convincing distrustful politicians of this fruitful truth, it will augur well for the vote on the law concerning the right of assemblage to be taken the next session.

These peaceful conferences will have another advantage. The English and American element will be largely represented therein. The Americans and Englishmen will bring us forms and habits of discussion, of which we stand in great need. We shall not only have fine speeches, but also substantial and carefully prepared reports.

The American Freedmen's Union Commission has drawn up a most excellent work on the Results of Emancipation in the United States, and important documents have come to hand from Brazil and Cuba. These documents will be summed up and submitted to the public. We shall not only be inspired with zeal for a great cause, but we shall be informed of its details and difficulties. This serious study, publicly and freely made, will be something new to Frenchmen.

Moreover, orators will not be lacking. The Freedmen's Union Commission sends three highly respected delegates from America, C. G. HAMMOND, WILLIAM C. BRYANT, and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. The name of BRYANT is familiar to all lovers of poetry. As to GARRISON, it is well known that, thirty-six years ago, he was the first to demand the abolition of slavery. A simple journeyman printer, without friends or resources, in 1831 he commenced publishing the *Liberator*, which he composed and printed alone in his little chamber. "I know that I shall be reproached for the severity of my language," he wrote in his first number; "but is not this severity just? I shall be as harsh as truth; as impartial as justice. I shall speak in earnest. I shall seek neither subterfuge nor excuse; I shall not retract a word of what I say, and I shall find hearers." When a man begins in this strain, he is sure of having against him all who live by the abuses which he attacks. GARRISON did not lack enemies. He had as many of them in the North as in the South. Long threatened, insulted, and maltreated by the populace, he well-nigh fell a martyr to emancipation. In Georgia, a price was set on his head—five thousand dollars to any one who would deliver up GARRISON, dead or alive—in the North, he was hooted at as a dreamer, and persecuted as a dangerous revolutionist. But GARRISON had the faith which removes mountains, he constantly relied on the final triumph of justice, and at the end of thirty-four years he stopped his paper on the day that a former mechanic, like himself, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, signed, amidst the applause of the whole world, that liberation of four millions of men which he had been the first to demand. A man who has devoted himself for thirty-four years to one idea, and has sacrificed his whole life to it, is too uncommon a thing in France for men not to have some curiosity to see the simple and courageous GARRISON.

Spain, it is said, will send one of its most celebrated statesmen, DON SALLUSTIANO OLOZAGA, the President of the Abolition Society of Madrid; London will give us the indefatigable Mr. CHAMEROVZOW, always found in the breach; and the Hon. F. BUXTON, whose name is historic in the annals of liberty. We are also promised the approval of Lord BROUGHAM, and the presence of some of those orators who excel in public meetings; BRIGHT's name is even mentioned. France will do its best to hold its rank in this interesting solemnity. On the Emancipation Committee figure the names, as is well known, of Messrs. BROGLIE, GUIZOT, COCHIN, HENRI MARTIN, DE PRESSENSÉ, MONOD, COQUEREL, etc. This diversity of dialects and talent, devoted to the service of the same cause, will offer a piquant spectacle.

But to please Parisian curiosity is only the least care of this assembly. Its aim is to associate together all men who still believe in the reign of justice—to form a league of humanity, and to enlist therein all generous hearts, without distinction of church, government, or country. It is every where repeated to-day that the individual must be urged to self-government; it is added, moreover, that peoples should learn to transact their own business. I strongly approve of this idea. But, above individuals and peoples, why should not men, assembled together, transact the business of humanity? Why not expel from the whole world slavery, violence, ignorance, and want? This is a great work, but one which can only succeed through the co-operation of the humblest of mankind. To gain admission to Herz Hall a single title will suffice—that of the enemy of slavery and the friend of emancipation. No questions will be asked concerning rank, fortune, or age. Perchance there will be none there but obscure individuals; perchance the talent displayed there will be of the most modest kind; but it is never in vain that men assemble to claim the rights of their fellows, and to proclaim anew the eternal principles of justice and humanity. There is no doubt that the words uttered in this meeting at Paris will be repeated by faithful echoes throughout the whole world, bearing hope to the suffering, and making statesmen more deeply conscious of their responsibility. Therein lies the utility of these meetings: they arouse public opinion because they touch the heart-strings of the people. The hall and the orators matter little; the greatness of the cause makes the power of its advocates.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BROAD HINT.

UP-STAIRS LODGER (*bursting into the First Floor; time 1.30 A.M.*). "Nobody hurt, I hope? Oh, I beg pardon; but I heard such a shrill scream just now, I did not feel justified in remaining in bed!"

What is the difference between a railway train and a suspending bank?—In one case the brake causes the stoppage, in the other the stoppage causes the break.

ARAB-E AISY!—An ethnological friend of ours informs us that he has ascertained the fact that our street Arabs belong to the tribe of Never-go-to-Bedouins.

NOT A BAD HIT.—If at your next Croquet party the girls are splendidly handsome and draw off the attention of the men from their game, carelessly quote old Herrick, and say that it is a case of "A lawn....thrown into a fine distraction."

LINES.

I know a bank—not one that nature decks;
Clothed—not in greenery—oh no, in checks!
O'er it no perfume balmy zephyr wafts—
Its scents are five per cents., its airs are drafts!
No wild thyme wanders *this* bank freely o'er—
Its hours are regular—from ten till four.
Fairer than slopes with pallid primrose set,
Or rich with clumps of nodding violet,
Richer than mossy banks or shady bowers,
Or sunny gardens bright with myriad flowers,
Or beauteous glade, or green and level lawn—
Stay! my account must not be overdrawn!

"We've lost a great many hogs this season, by the new disease," said an Indianian to a traveler. "The *new* disease! what's that?" "Lightnin', Sir; it takes 'em awful sudden, and they dies without a single squeal."

A gentleman going to the water-side to take a boat, cried out: "Who can swim?" "I, master," came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow, turning about, said: "Sir, I can not swim." "Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

An Irishman who was reprieved the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man."

A "lovely girl," in Wisconsin, recently recovered fourteen hundred dollars damages in a breach of promise suit against a perfidious lover. Her lawyer congratulated her on the amount, when she exclaimed, with a ferocious glance at the mulcted defendant, and nervously clenching her fingers, "I'd give every penny of it just to have one good pull at his hair!"

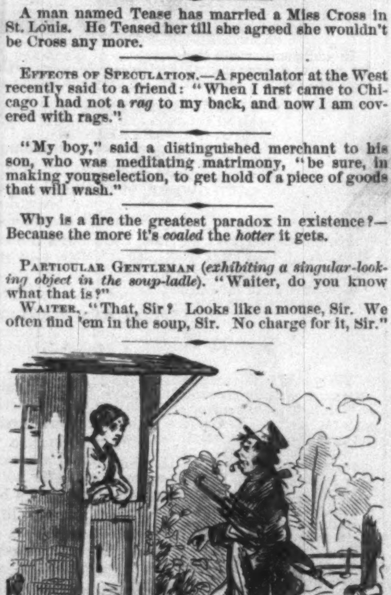
A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis. He Teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

EFFECTS OF SPECULATION.—A speculator at the West recently said to a friend: "When I first came to Chicago I had not a *rag* to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

"My boy," said a distinguished merchant to his son, who was meditating matrimony, "be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash."

Why is a fire the greatest paradox in existence?—Because the more it's *coaled* the *hotter* it gets.

PARTICULAR GENTLEMAN (*exhibiting a singular-looking object in the soup-ladle*). "Waiter, do you know what that is?"
WAITER. "That, Sir? Looks like a mouse, Sir. We often find 'em in the soup, Sir. No charge for it, Sir."



THE CUT DIRECT-ED.

ELEVATED BEING. "Zis'way t'Lill' Dropt'n?"
MATRON. "Yes, Sir; straight on as ever you can go."
ELEVATED BEING (*musingly*). "Oh; stral'onzev'ricango! Tha's not sayin' mush."

A young couple went to a clergyman to get married. The parson being a wag, by an innocent mistake began to read from the prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, you mistake, we came to be married!" "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

"We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

"What is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman. "It's easily accounted for," answered a medical student; "for you know that *blow* in the perfect is *blew*."

It was customary with a certain college professor to inquire of each graduating class what each proposed to be or do in the world. One would be a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and so on. "And what do you propose to be, Simon?" "I am going to be a Pithcopal minister," was the answer of the lisping graduate, "for three reasons—first, the prayers are all in print, and I can read them easily; second, the sermons of Pithcopal ministers are short, and them I can steal; and third, Pithcopal ministers generally marry rich wives."

REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS.

ON the 23d of February, 1867, there was sold at auction, in London, an etching of Rembrandt, for the sum of five thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars in gold. Never before has such a price, or any thing like such a price, been paid for what, though unquestionably a very great rarity, is, after all, far from being unique. It is a memorable event, destined, perhaps, to hold the same place in the history of engraving that the sale of the Soult Madonna does in painting, or that of the 1471 Boccaccio in bibliography. The etching in question represents "Christ Healing the Sick," but is more commonly known among collectors by the name of the "Hundred Guilder," because a copy of it was sold during Rembrandt's lifetime for that sum. There is a special circumstance which gives a peculiar value to this impression—which is, that it, with seven others, are the only known examples of the "first state" of the etching. But all our readers may not know what "first state" means.

When an etcher or engraver was busy about his plate, he was very naturally in the habit of taking off impressions every now and then to see how his work was getting on. These impressions were called artist's proofs, and no doubt in most instances, after serving their purpose, were considered of but little more value than waste paper. But Rembrandt, finding that not only were his finished etchings selling well, but that some curious collectors eagerly laid hold upon these unfinished scraps, thought he could turn an honest penny—rather a failing of his—by multiplying the "states" of his etchings as much as possible. It is but perhaps fair to say that Rembrandt, fond of money as he was, was yet no miser. The large sums he obtained were not hoarded away, but spent in buying pictures and the requisites of his art to such an extent, that though at the death of his wife, the pretty Jantje, he was worth more than £4000, he left, when he died, only a few guilders for his funeral expenses.

In some cases there are not less than ten states known and described, one here and there being simply ridiculous. In the "Gold Weighers," for instance, the earliest and rarest state has the face blank.

Of the eight known impressions of the first state of the "Hundred Guilder," five are safe in public collections. The British Museum has two, the Imperial Libraries of Paris and Vienna—the latter having an inscription in Rembrandt's handwriting to say it was the seventh impression taken from the plate—and the Museum at Amsterdam, one each. Of the remaining three, one belongs to Mr. R. S. Holford, who gave £400 for it; the second to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the third has just passed into the hands of Mr. C. J. Palmer. The history of this last impression, which is described as a "magnificent impression, undoubtedly the finest known, on Japanese paper, with large margin, and in perfect condition," is thoroughly ascertained. From Rembrandt it was obtained by J. P. Zomers, and after gracing successively the collections of Signor Zanetti, Baron Denon, Messrs. Woodburn the printsellers, Baron Verstolke of Amsterdam, and Sir Charles Price, it has now found a resting-place in Bedford Row, London. At the Baron's sale in 1847 it was purchased for 1600 guilders (£133). The second state of the etching, which only consists in a few cross-hatchings introduced in one part of the plate, is by no means to be had for nothing. A splendid impression on India paper, with large margin, from the Dubois cabinet, sold for £160; and even this is not the highest price this state is known to have fetched. It is by no means certain, however, that these India-paper impressions, though the earliest, are the best in point of effect. Many collectors prefer those on plain paper.

Many others of Rembrandt's etchings bring very large prices. His portrait of Advocate Tolling—a very splendid work—cost Baron Verstolke £220, though it fetched at his sale only 1800 guilders (£150). It is worth at least twice that sum now. "Ephraim Bonus," the Jewish physician—perhaps Rembrandt's finest etching—was bought at the same sale for the British Museum for 1650 guilders. Only three other impressions of this state are known. "Coppenol," a writing-master, cost in 1835, though not in very good condition, 300 guineas, though it only produced 1250 guilders. Of "Rembrandt holding a Sabre" there are four impressions of the earliest state known—one at Amsterdam, one at Paris, one in the British Museum, purchased for £150, and one other which cost £600.

About one of Rembrandt's etchings we have an amusing story. He had gone to spend a day with his great friend, Jan Six, a burgomaster of

Amsterdam. As they were sitting down to dinner it was found the servant had forgotten to provide any mustard. He was sent off at once to the village close by; but Rembrandt, knowing that the favorite maxim of Dutch servants was "much haste, little speed," laid a wager with the burgomaster that he would etch the view from the dining-room window before the servant returned. He took up a plate, tried his etching-point upon it, sketched the view, and won his bet. The engraving is a very rare one. Baron Verstolke's impression sold for £17 10*s.*, but he would be fortunate who could secure a good impression at that price now.

In Maberly's *Print Collector* is an account of another of Rembrandt's etchings which is worth compressing. One day that artist, struck apparently with the attitude of a dog lying asleep, determined to etch its portrait. The plate he took up was much larger than he required, so that the etching only occupied the left-hand corner. From this he printed an impression upon a piece of paper, which, though larger than was required for the etching, was not as large as the plate. The etching looked ridiculous enough, and the artist accordingly cut out the part of the plate containing the little dog, and the rest of the impressions were struck off in this reduced size. The first impression, fortunately or unfortunately, was preserved, and an account of the prices it has fetched at different times is a very instructive example of the mania of collectors. We first hear of it at Mr. Hibbert's sale in 1809, where it fetched thirty shillings, the purchaser being M. Claussin. He sold it at a small advance of price to a London printseller, who disposed of it to the Duke of Buckingham for £6. At the Duke's sale in 1834 it produced £61. But the purchaser made a good bargain, nevertheless. A Dutchman heard of it, offered the fortunate owner 100 guineas, then £150, then *any price he liked to ask for it;* but no, he was proof against all temptation, and kept possession of his treasure, till at last, with many really valuable prints from the same collection, it passed into the British Museum for the sum of £120; and in that print-room, where there are more treasures in the way of engraving to be found than in any other collection in the world, the visitor may see "a twenty-shilling print on £119 worth of blank paper," all in the space of three or four inches.

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